

# PLASTIC MAN

SEPTEMBER

No.31

In the dark wilds of Africa's jungle  
The witch doctor Raka a weird  
plot did bungle!  
With ghoulish mask and  
gorilla packs  
He ran into PLASTIC MAN  
and was stopped  
in his tracks!







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# PLASTIC MAN

WOOZY!  
GENTLEMEN!  
FOR PETE'S  
SAKE! STOP  
IT! YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING!

WELL, FOR....!  
HOW DID YOU  
TURN THE CROWD  
AGAINST PLASTIC  
MAN, GENERAL?

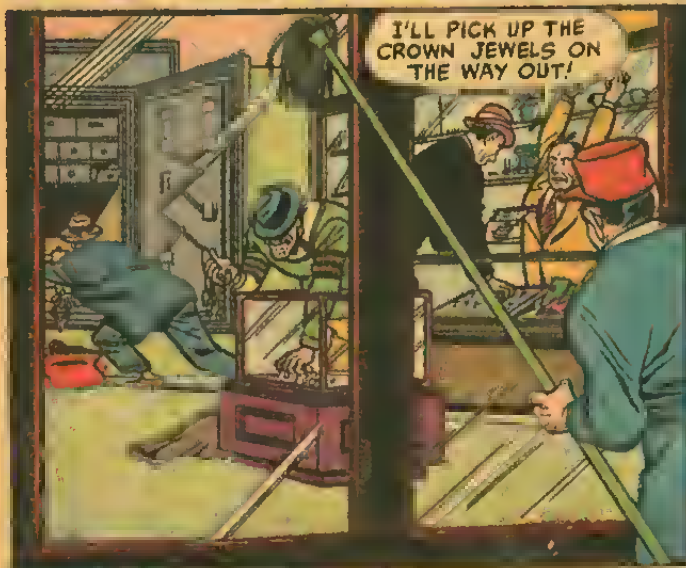
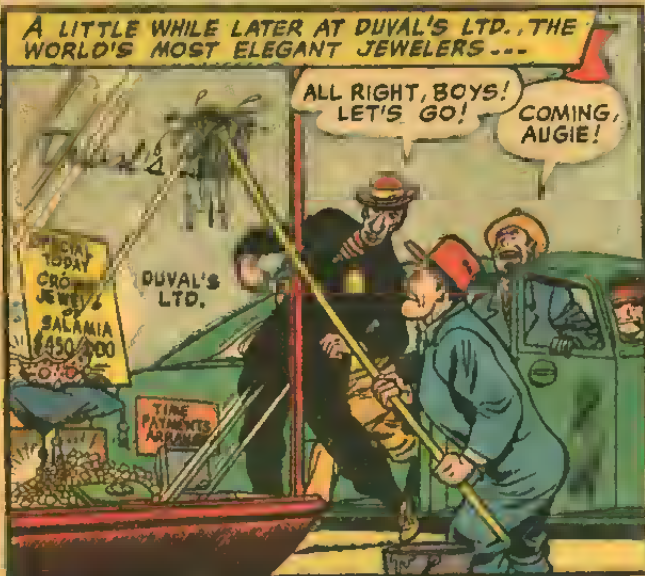
THAT'S A  
MILITARY SECRET,  
CHUM! ON TO THE  
BANK VAULTS!  
**CHARGE!**



HIS NAME WAS **GENERAL DISORDER**  
AND THAT WAS EXACTLY WHAT HE CREATED  
WHEREVER HE WENT! IT WAS NOT THE  
FIRST TIME **PLASTIC MAN** HAD  
TANGLED WITH A CRIMINAL GENIUS BUT  
NEVER WITH ONE WHO BROUGHT THE  
TALENTS OF THE BATTLEFIELD TO THE  
DOMAIN OF THE UNDERWORLD!

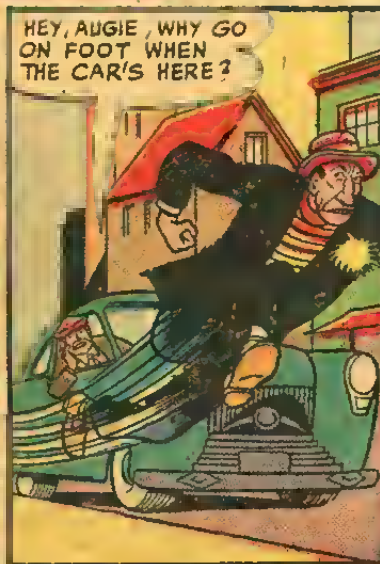
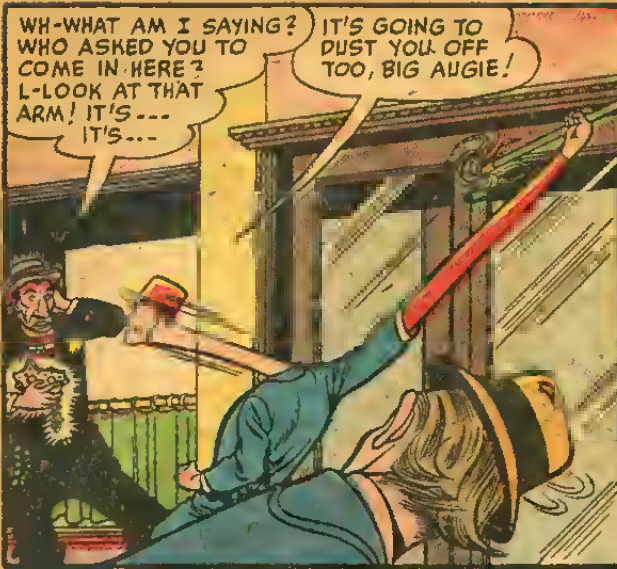


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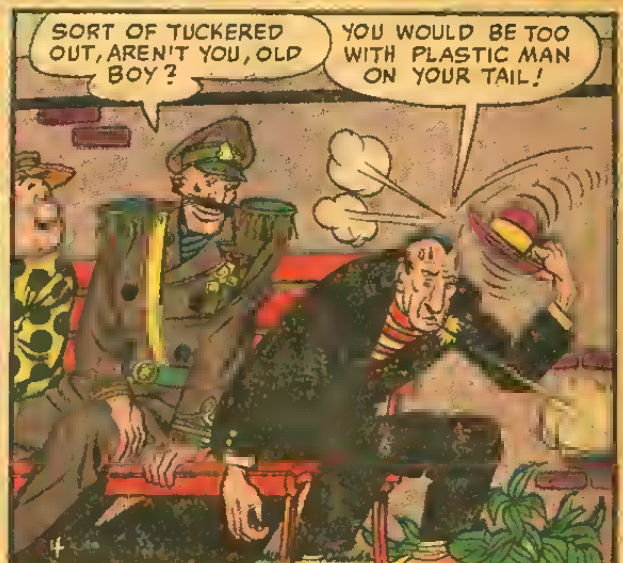
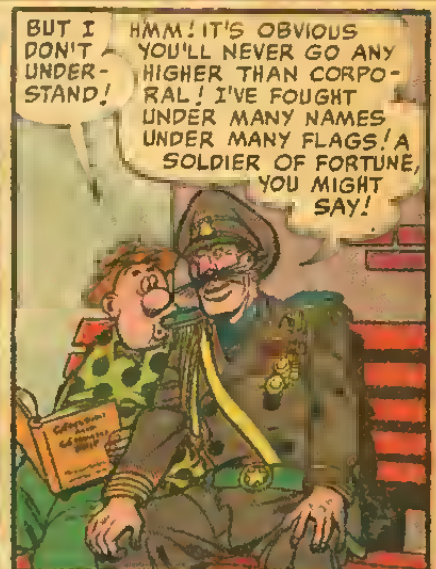
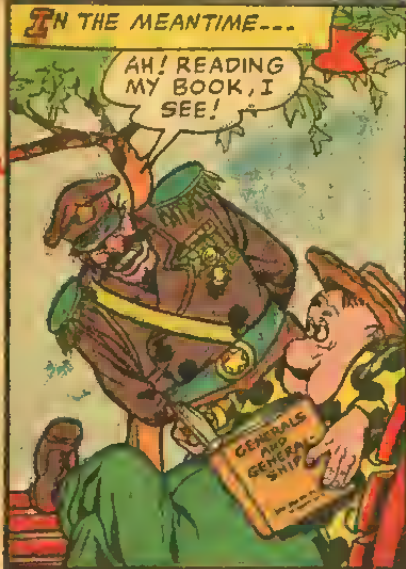
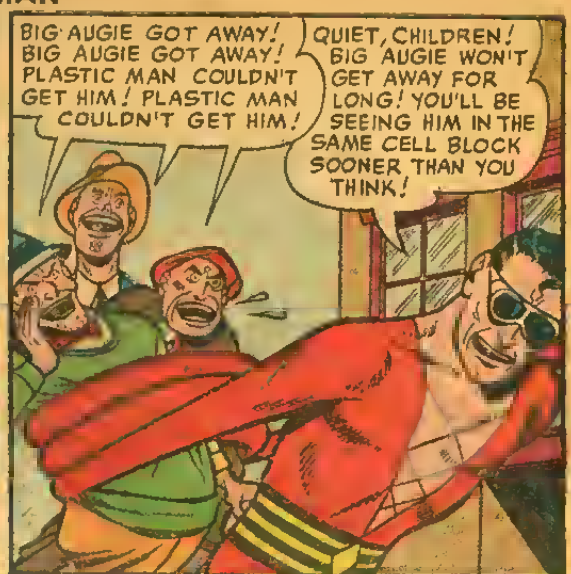
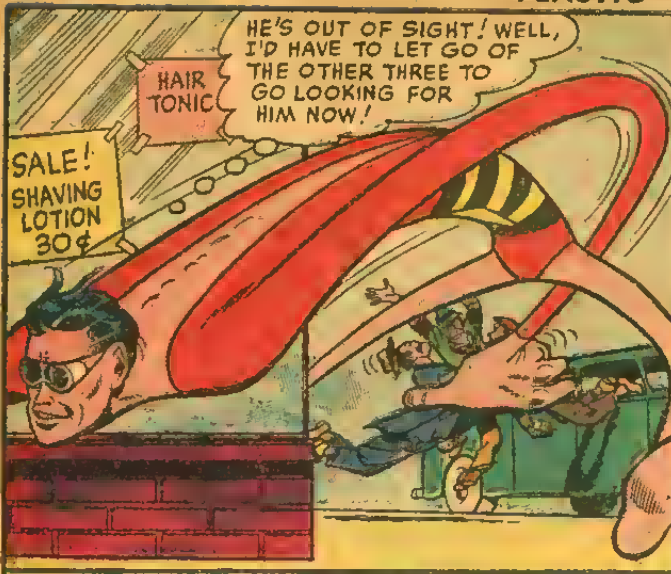


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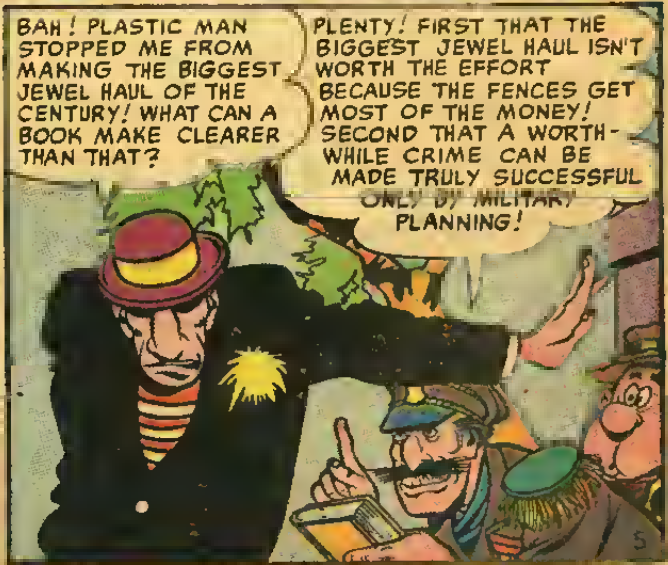
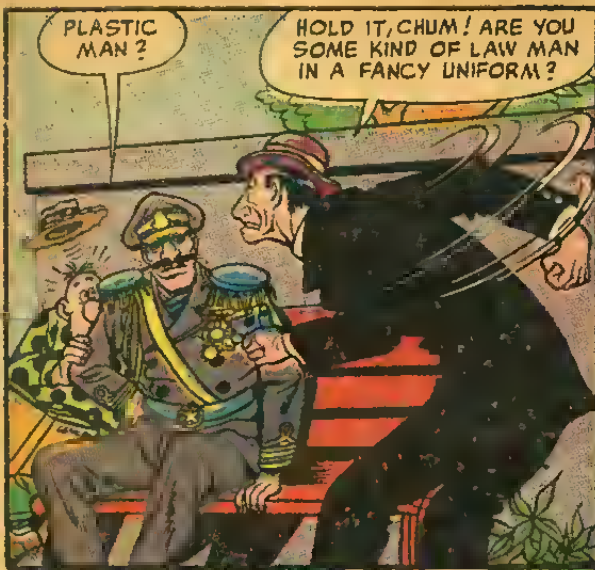


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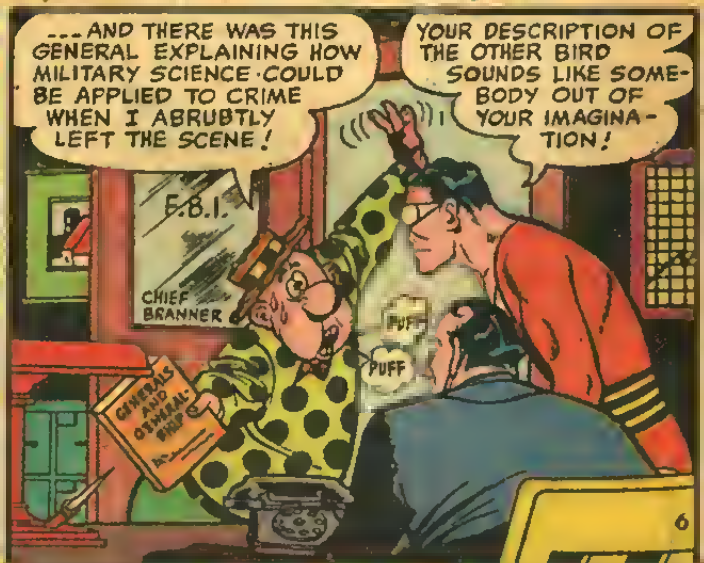
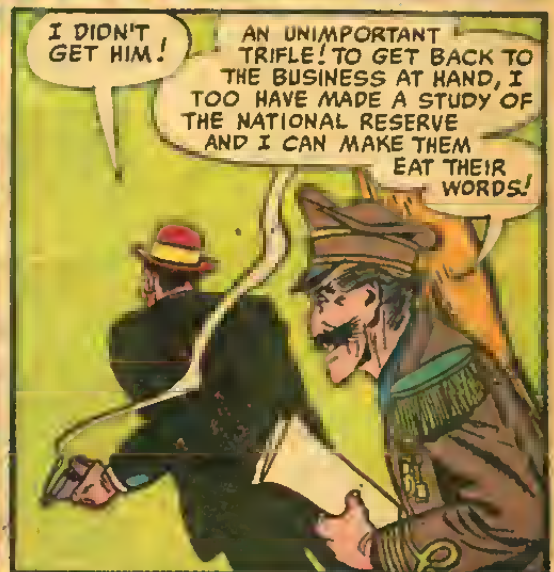
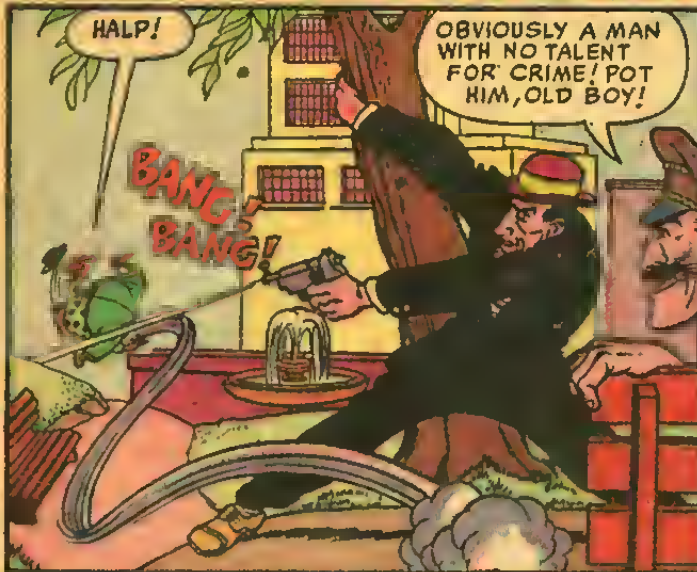
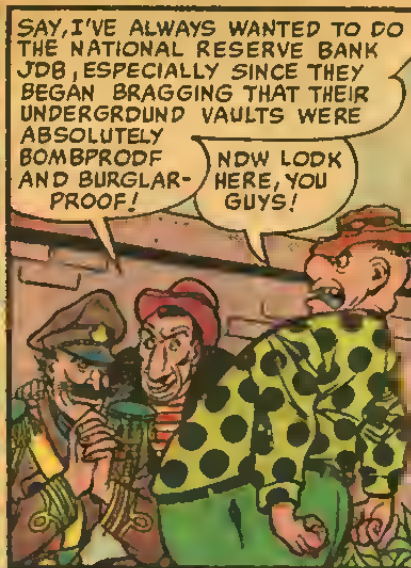


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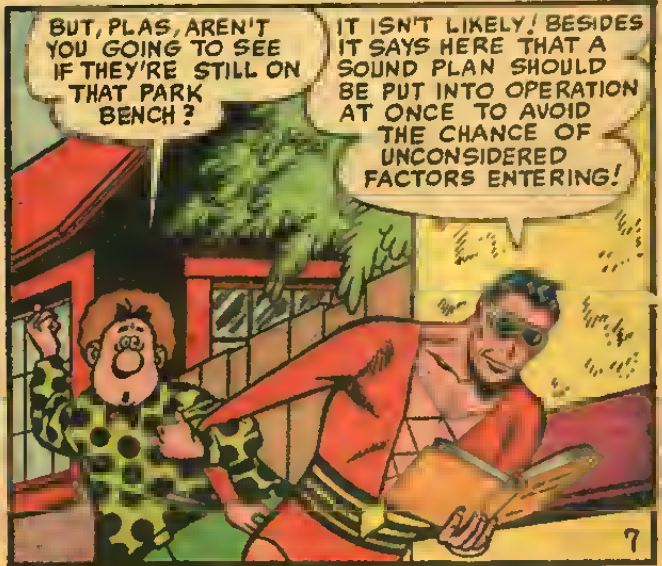
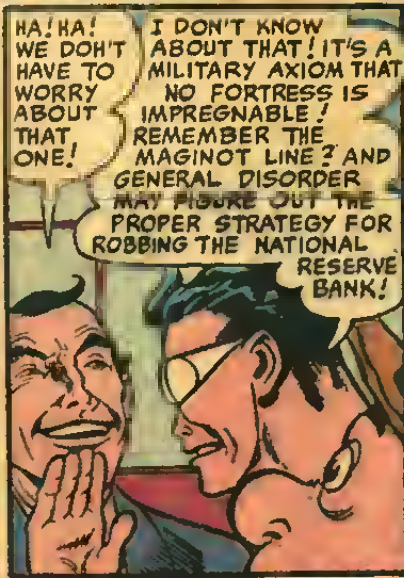
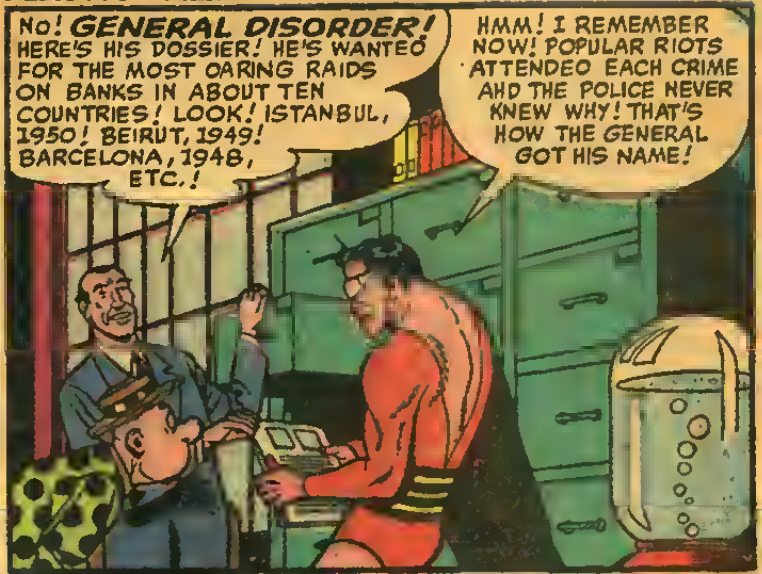
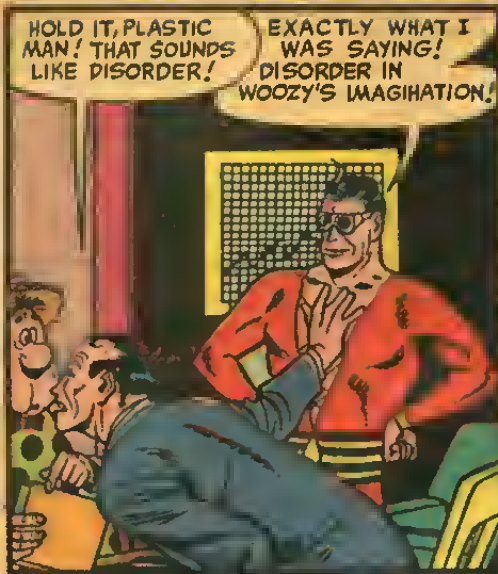


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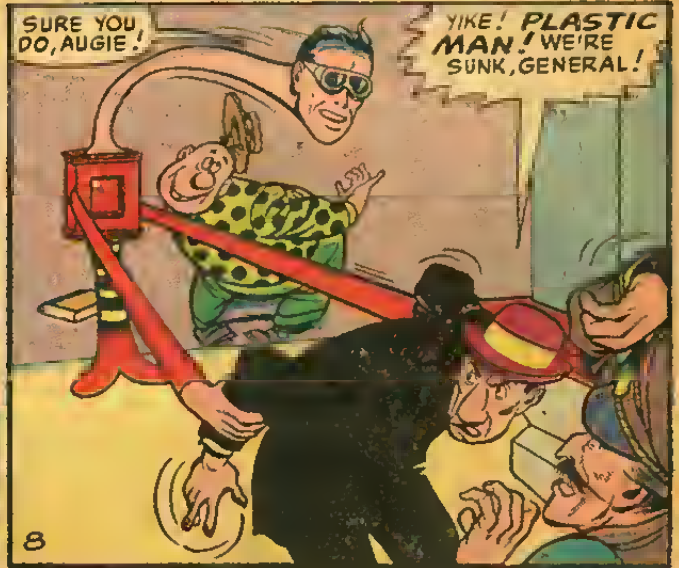
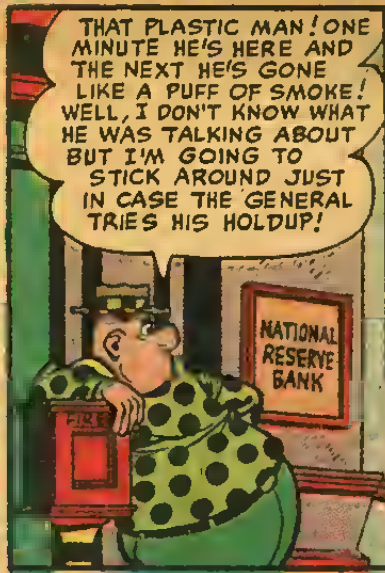
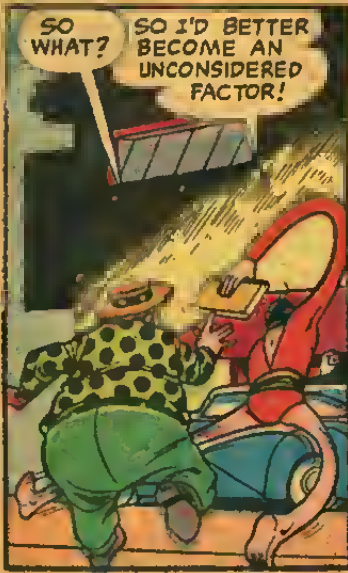


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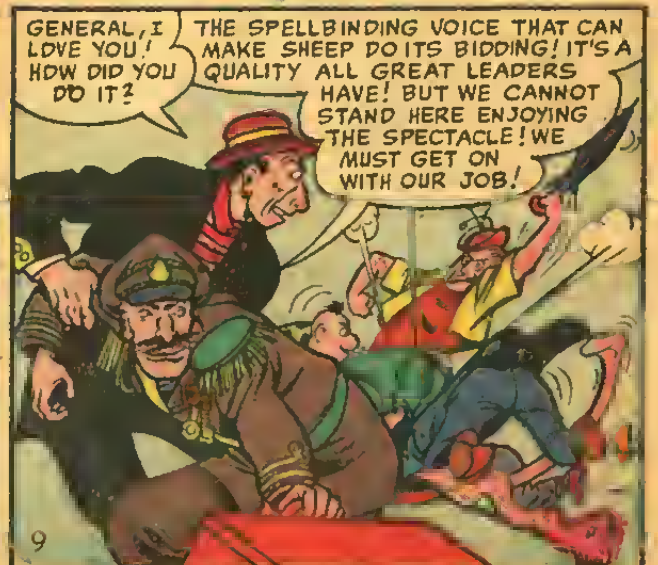


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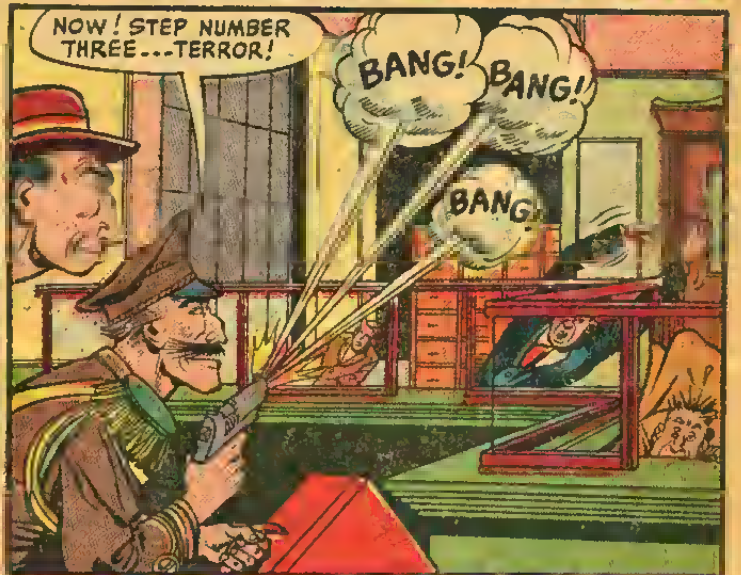
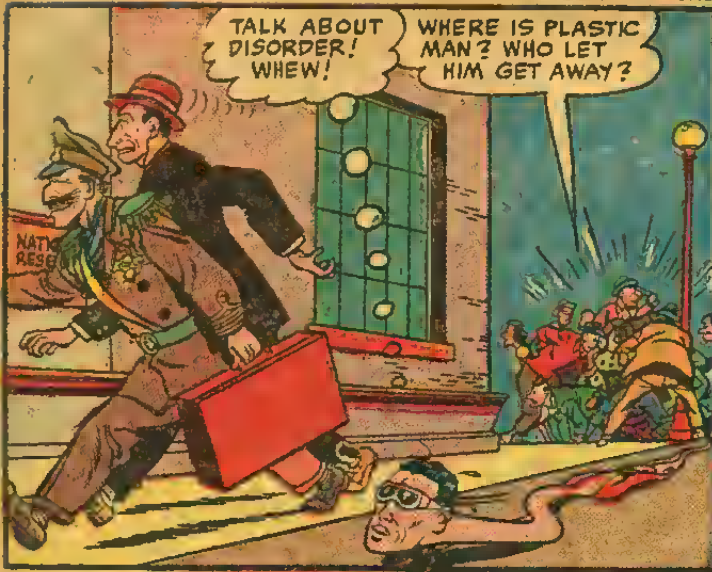


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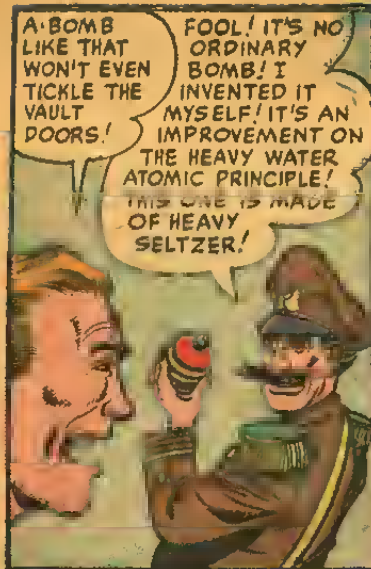


# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN



A BOMB LIKE THAT WON'T EVEN TICKLE THE VAULT DOORS!

FOOL! IT'S NO ORDINARY BOMB! I INVENTED IT MYSELF! IT'S AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE HEAVY WATER ATOMIC PRINCIPLE! THIS ONE IS MADE OF HEAVY SELTZER!



IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO RIP DOWN THE DOORS, YET BUILT TO DO ITS DEMOLITION JOB ONLY IN A TINY AREA!

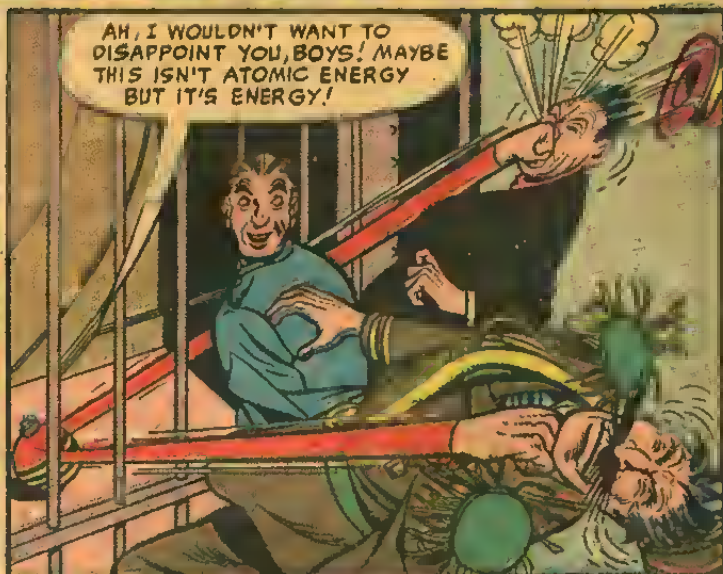


BEHOLD! ATOMIC ENERGY AT WORK!

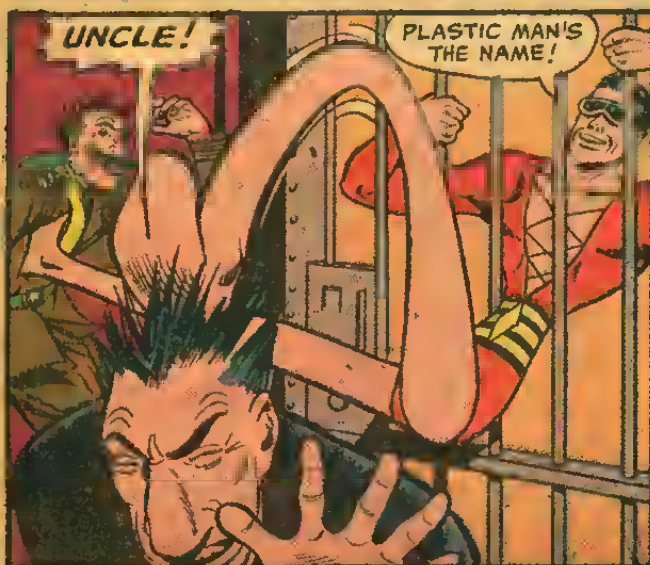


GENERAL, IT ISN'T DOING ANYTHING!

HOW ODD!



AH, I WOULDN'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BOYS! MAYBE THIS ISN'T ATOMIC ENERGY BUT IT'S ENERGY!



UNCLE!

PLASTIC MAN'S THE NAME!

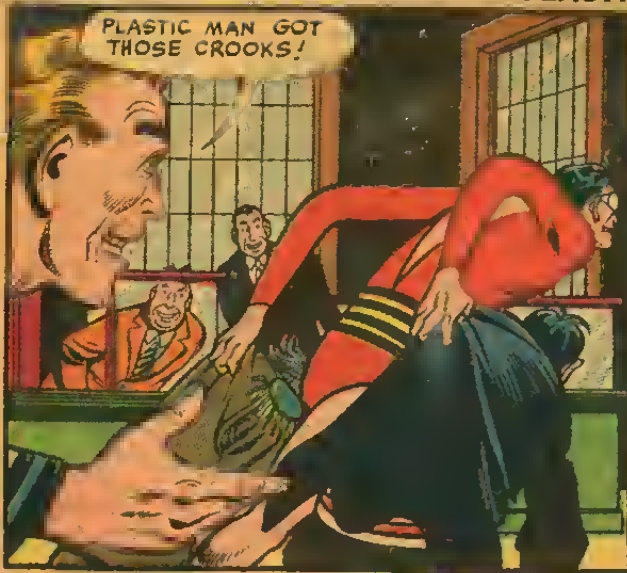


H-HOW DID YOU GET INTO MY VALISE IN PLACE OF THE REAL BOMB?

I CRAWLED IN AS YOU BOYS WERE ENTERING THE BANK!



# PLASTIC MAN

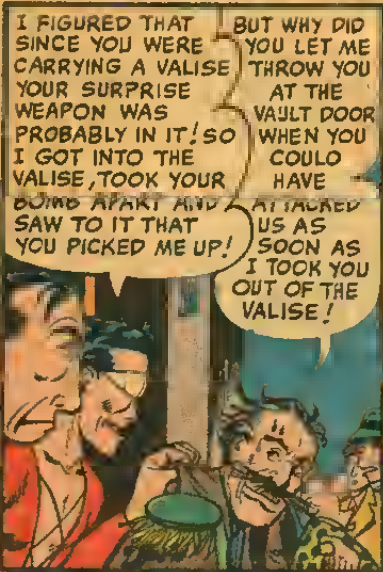


PLASTIC MAN GOT THOSE CROOKS!



BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THERE WOULD BE A BOMB IN THE VALISE THAT YOU COULD REPLACE?

SIMPLE! IT WAS ALL IN YOUR BOOK, GENERALS AND GENERALSHIP! YOU SAID THAT TO CLINCH THE ATTACK THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A SURPRISE WEAPON THAT THE ENEMY WON'T BE EXPECTING YOU TO USE!



I FIGURED THAT SINCE YOU WERE CARRYING A VALISE YOUR SURPRISE WEAPON WAS PROBABLY IN IT! SO I GOT INTO THE VALISE, TOOK YOUR BOMB APART AND SAW TO IT THAT YOU PICKED ME UP!

BUT WHY DID YOU LET ME THROW YOU AT THE VAULT DOOR WHEN YOU COULD HAVE ATTACKED US AS SOON AS I TOOK YOU OUT OF THE VALISE!



BECAUSE THE VAULT DOOR WAS YOUR FINAL GOAL AND, IF I HAD TRIED TO STOP YOU BEFORE, YOU MIGHT HAVE SPRUNG SOME SUBSTITUTE TACTICS JUST AS YOU DID WHEN YOU MADE THE PEOPLE ATTACK ME!

AND YOU HAD TO WRITE ALL THESE THINGS DOWN FOR HIM IN A BOOK!



HOW COULD WE EVER HAVE DONE IT TO PLASTIC MAN? WHAT DEVILISH POWER DID GENERAL DISORDER HAVE THAT MADE US TURN ON OUR BEST FRIEND?

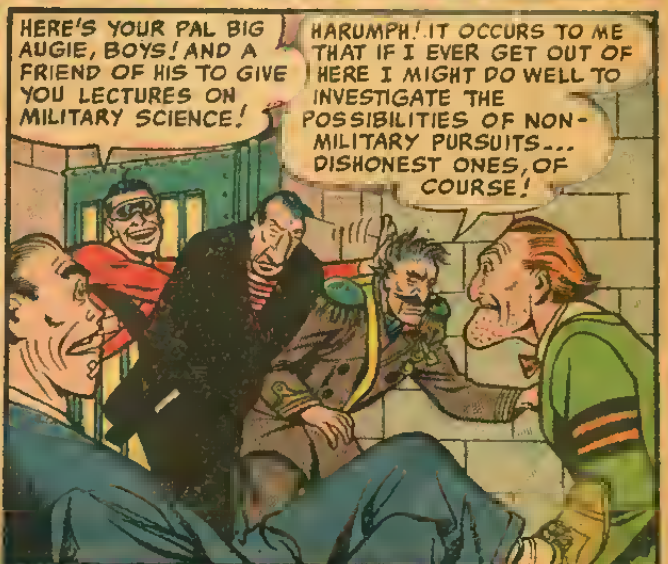
I'M SO ASHAMED OF MYSELF! FELLOW CITIZENS, LET ME EXPLAIN!



MRMPF!

NIX, GENERAL! I WOULDN'T WANT TO GO THROUGH ALL THAT AGAIN!

PLAS! YOU GOT THEM AFTER ALL!



HERE'S YOUR PAL BIG AUGIE, BOYS! AND A FRIEND OF HIS TO GIVE YOU LECTURES ON MILITARY SCIENCE!

HARUMPH! IT OCCURS TO ME THAT IF I EVER GET OUT OF HERE I MIGHT DO WELL TO INVESTIGATE THE POSSIBILITIES OF NON-MILITARY PURSUITS... DISHONEST ONES, OF COURSE!



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OF THE WEST  
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WESTERN**



PLASTIC MAN

# PLASTIC MAN



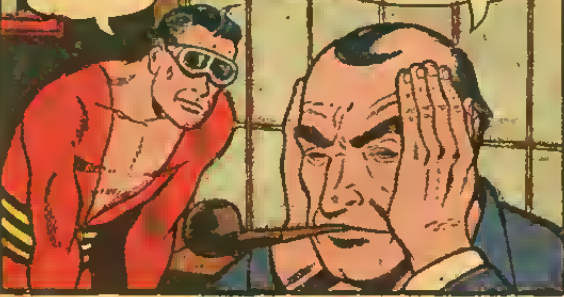


THE QUESTION IS WHAT WILL THAT MEGALOMANIAC DREAM UP NEXT! LAST TIME HE PUT THE MAYOR OF THIS CITY INTO A CATALEPTIC TRANCE, DISGUISED HIMSELF AS THE MAYOR AND ORDERED ALL THE COPS OFF DUTY AT THE SAME TIME!

IT MAKES ME SHUDDER TO REMEMBER THE CRIME WAVE! MCMAN WAS GETTING FIFTY PERCENT OF EVERY CROOK'S TAKE AND IT WOULD HAVE GONE ON INDEFINITELY IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN AFTER HIM!

THE TIME BEFORE WE HAD INVENTED A SPRAY AND USED IT ON CONGRESS! THE CHEMICAL GAVE EVERY REPRESENTATIVE TEMPORARY LOCKJAW!

I REMEMBER THAT TOO! THE CHEMICAL ALSO GAVE ITS VICTIMS A COMPULSIVE URGE TO KEEP RAISING THEIR RIGHT HANDS! MCMAN, ACTING AS A LEGITIMATE CONGRESSMAN, GOT A UNANIMOUS VOTE ON A BILL TO PRESENT HIM WITH HALF THE MONEY IN THE TREASURY!



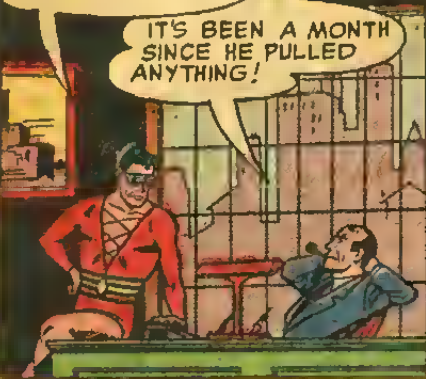
FORTUNATELY I WAS IN THE GALLERY WHEN THE BILL WENT TO THE SENATE! I NABBED MCMAN BEFORE HE COULD PULL THE SAME STUNT! HE HID BEHIND A CLOUD OF CAMOUFLAGE GAS HE'D INVENTED AND GOT AWAY!

IT'S BEEN A MONTH SINCE HE PULLED ANYTHING!

THE PEACE WON'T LAST! IN FACT I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT HE'S ABOUT DUE TO MAKE MORE TROUBLE!

And AT THAT MOMENT IN THE CITY ZOO...

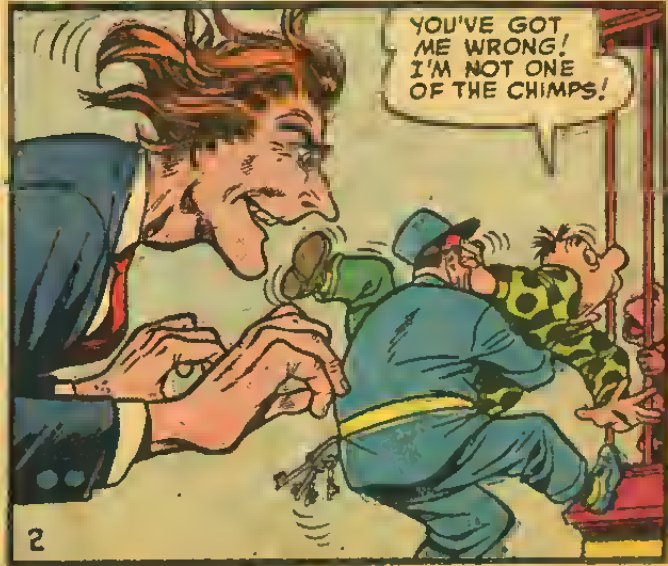
ANIMALS ARE MORE INTERESTING THAN ANYBODY!



HERE, JOCKO! HOW DID YOU GET OUT?

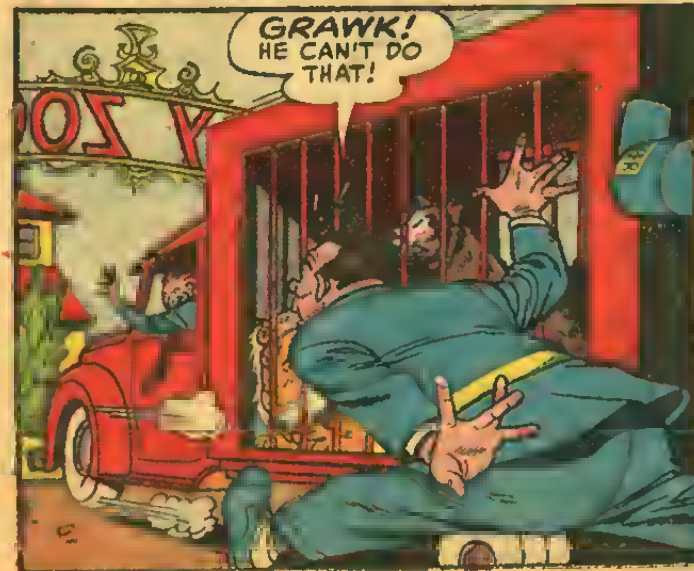
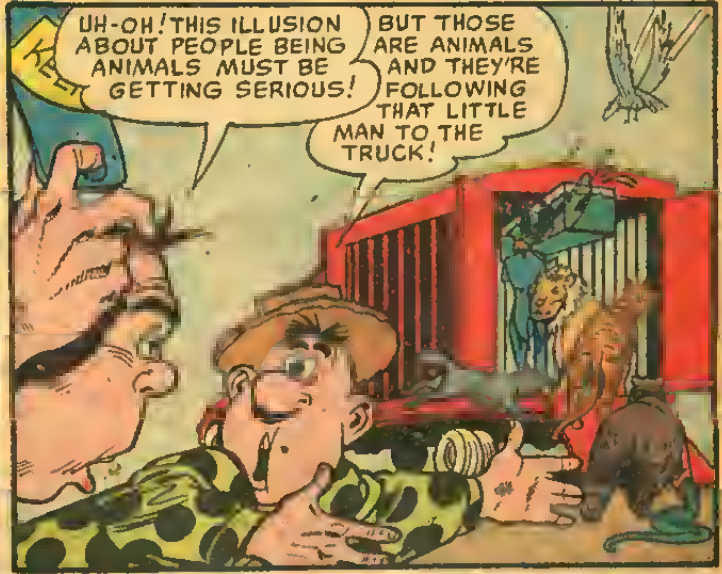
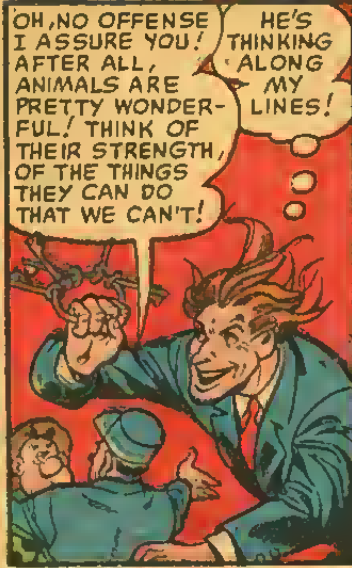
GULP!

YOU'VE GOT ME WRONG! I'M NOT ONE OF THE CHIMPS!





# PLASTIC MAN

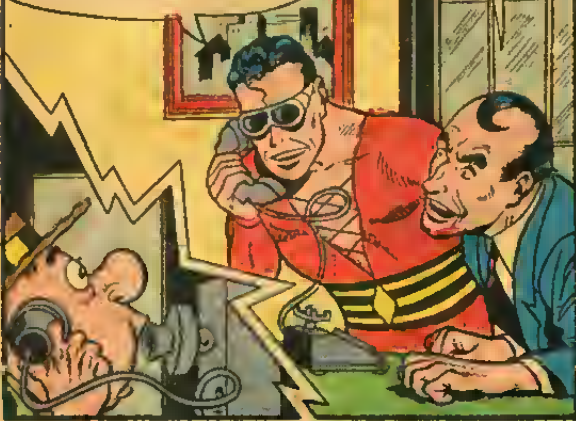




# PLASTIC MAN

AND YOU SAY THIS MAN HAD A FUNNY FACE AND A SORT OF SCHOLARLY LOOK AND WAS AS COOL AS A CUCUMBER WHEN HE STOLE THE ANIMALS?

IT SOUNDS LIKE MCMAN!



IT IS MCMAN! WHO ELSE WOULD PULL ANYTHING SO FANTASTIC!



GONE! GONE! ALL MY LITTLE CHARGES!



THAT FIEND EVEN STOLE A SHARK OUT OF OUR AQUARIUM! AND LOOK AT POOR BETSY WEEPING BECAUSE HER HUSBAND IS GONE!



WHAT? MCMAN TOOK A BEAR WHO WAS MARRIED TO THIS ONE?

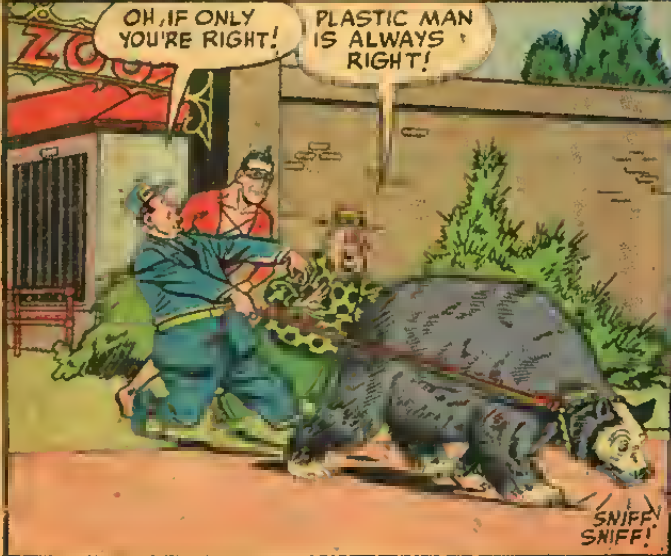
YES! ISN'T IT HEARTBREAKING TO WATCH HER? SHE'S PINING FOR OSCAR!

THIS IS THE BEST NEWS I'VE HEARD YET! LISTEN! SHE WOULDN'T HARM YOU! IF YOU PUT HER ON A LEASH SHE OUGHT TO PICK UP OSCAR'S SCENT AND LEAD US TO HIM! YOU'LL HAVE YOUR ANIMALS AND I'LL HAVE MCMAN!



OH, IF ONLY YOU'RE RIGHT!

PLASTIC MAN IS ALWAYS RIGHT!



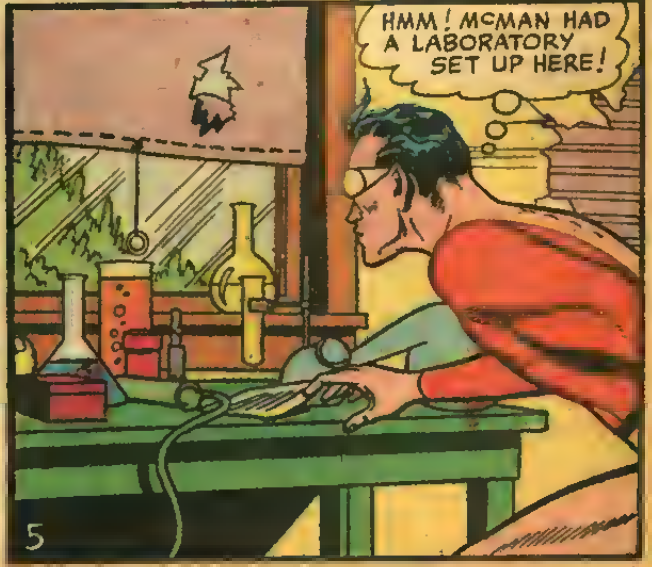
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE! BETSY LOOKS EXCITED!



SNIFF! SNIFF!

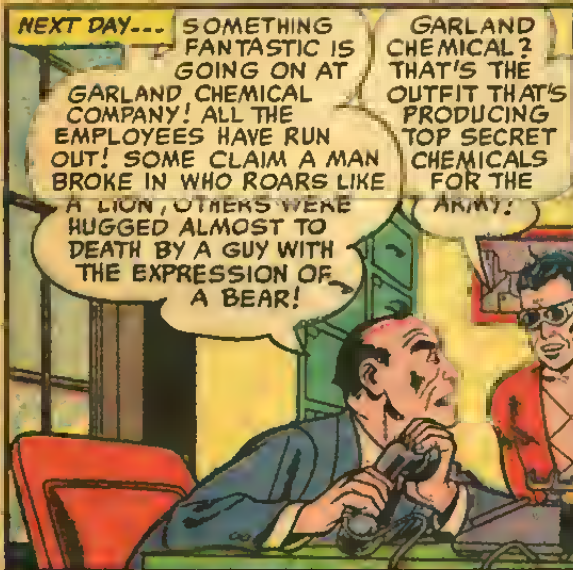
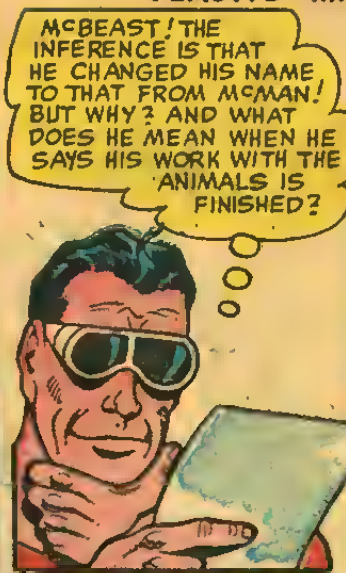
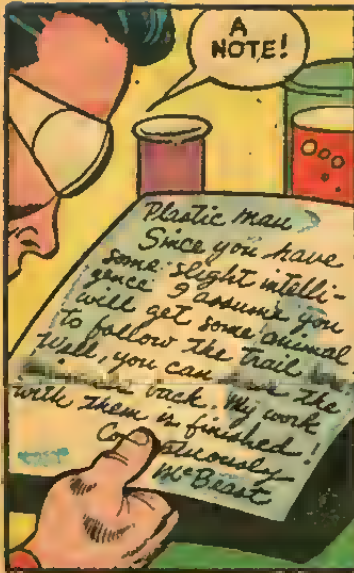


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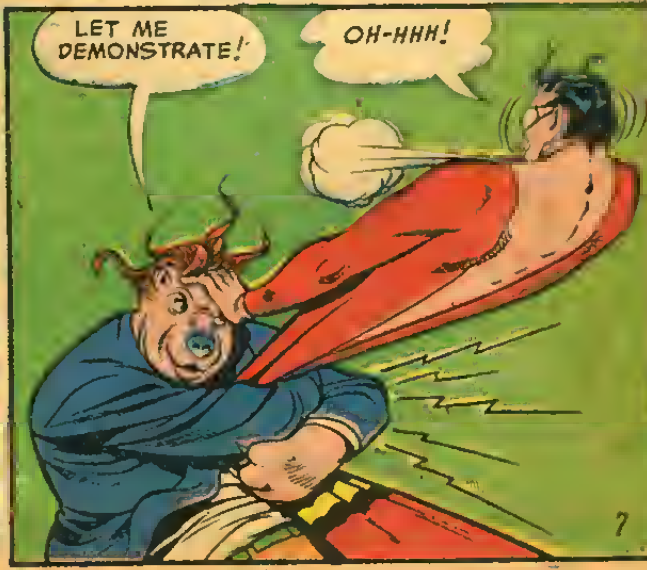
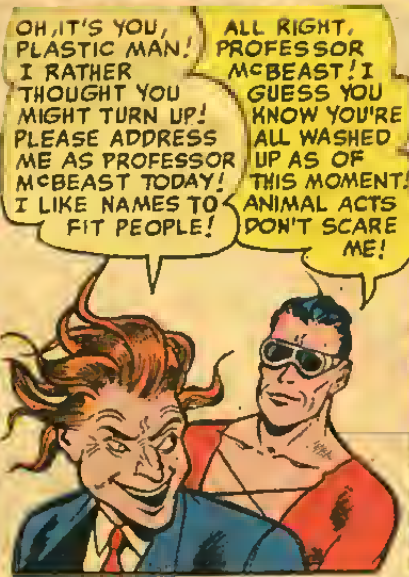
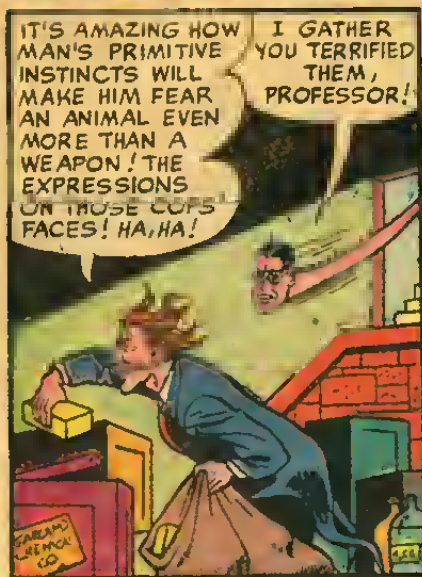
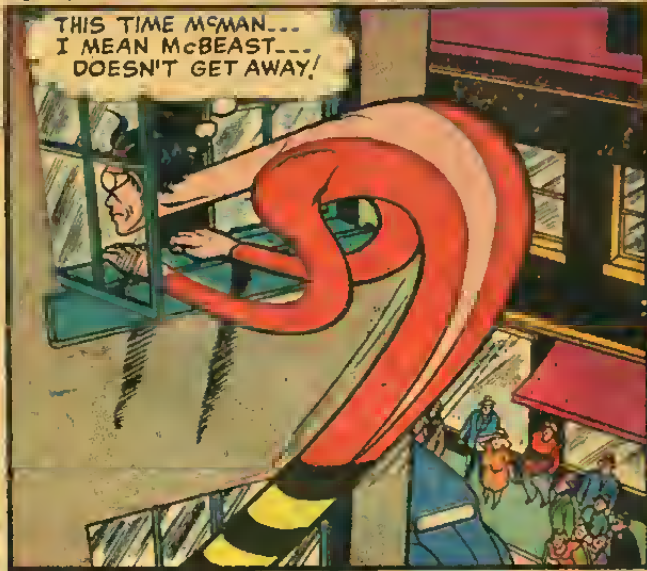


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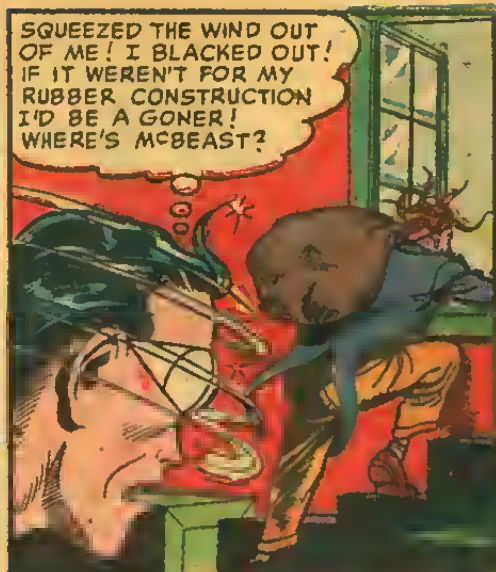


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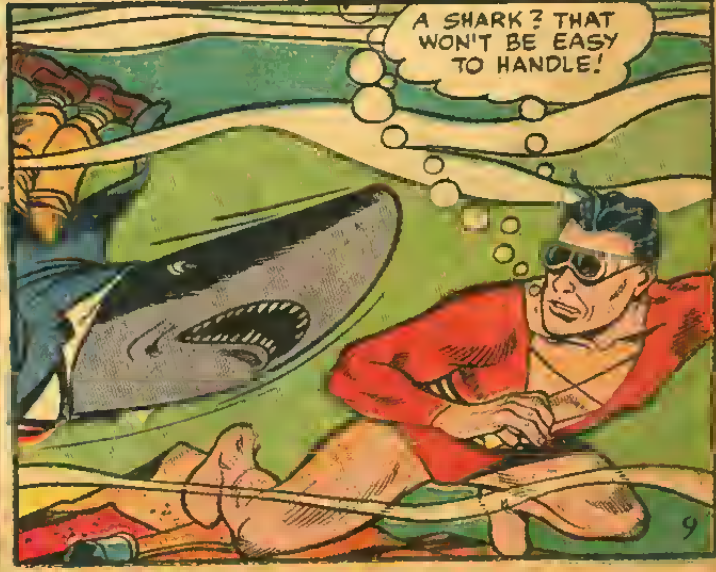
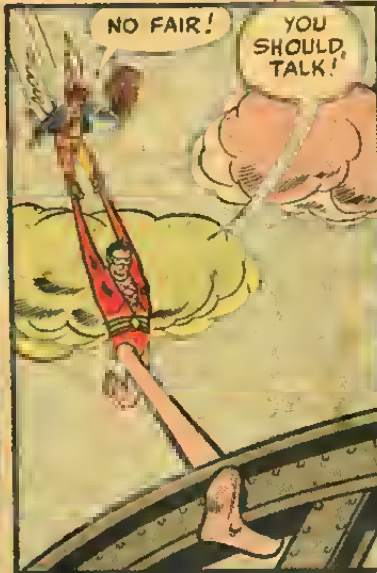
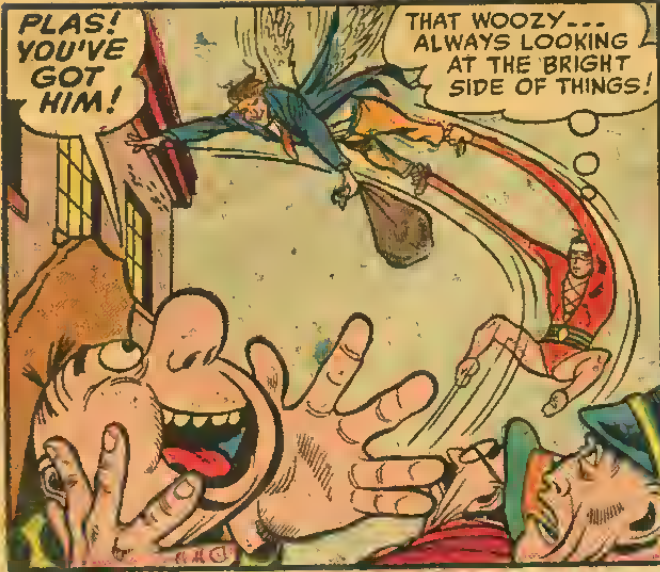


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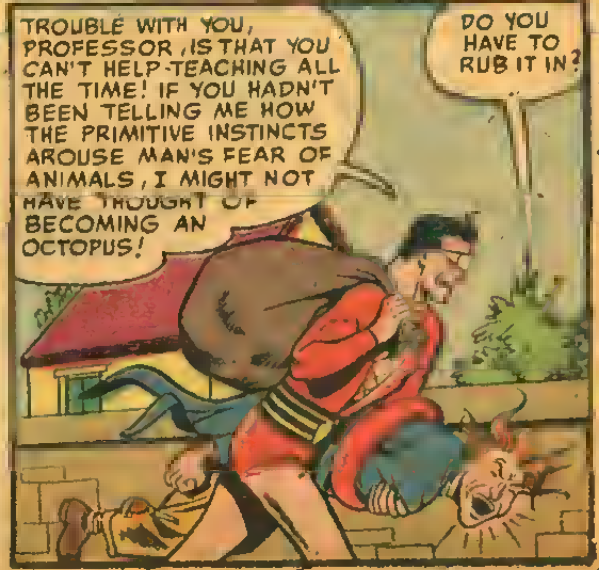
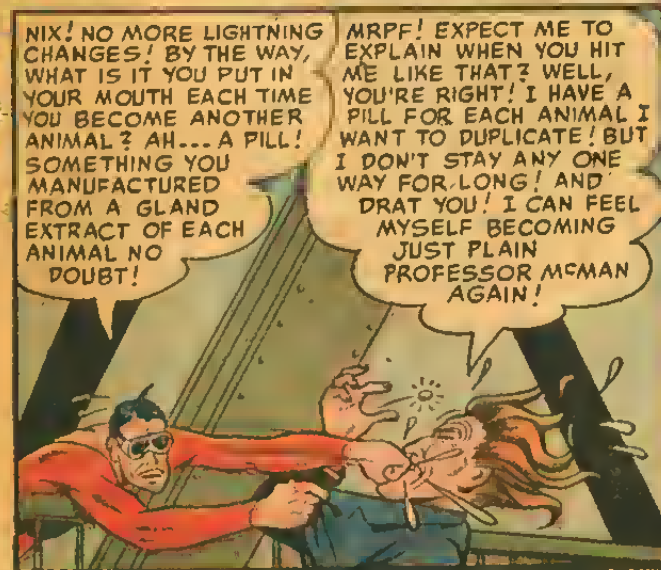
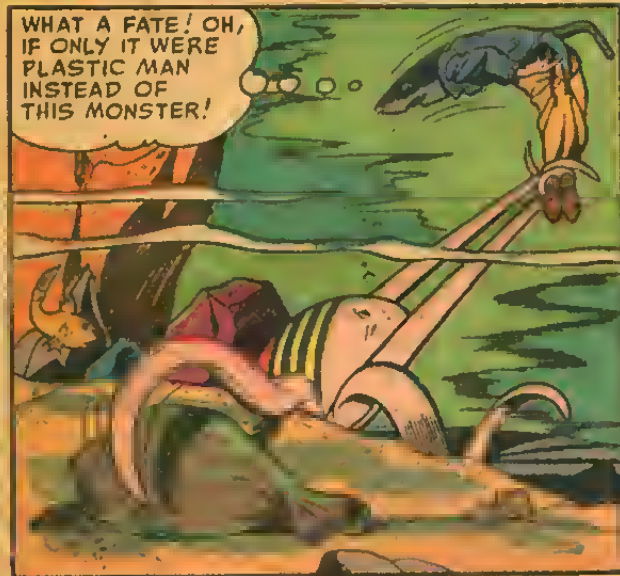


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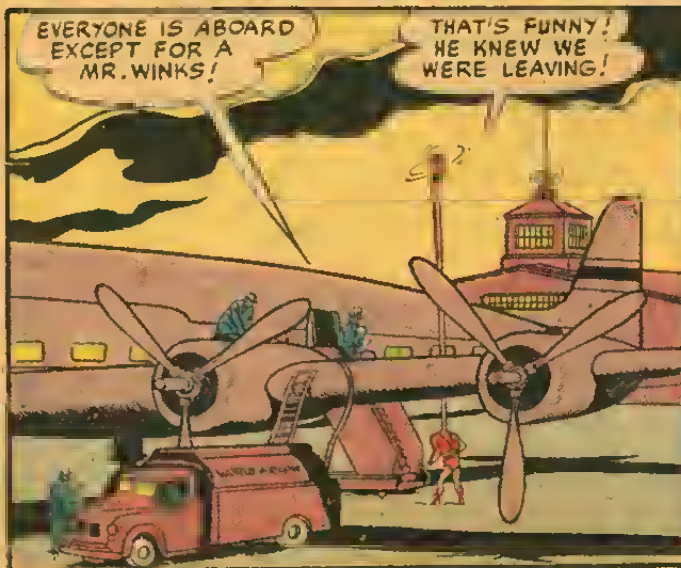


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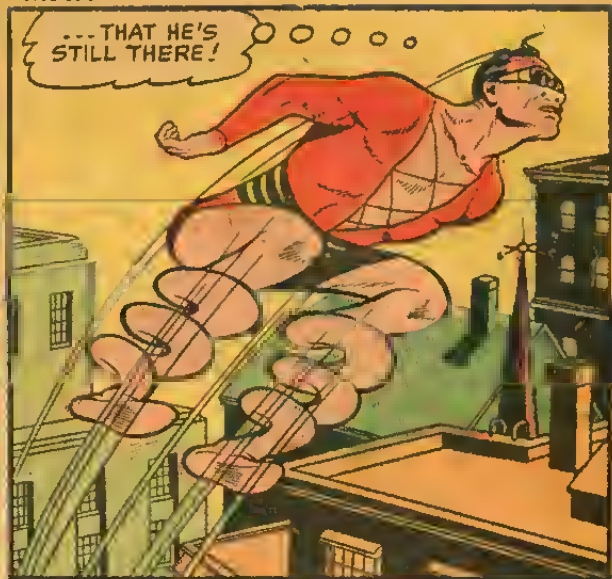
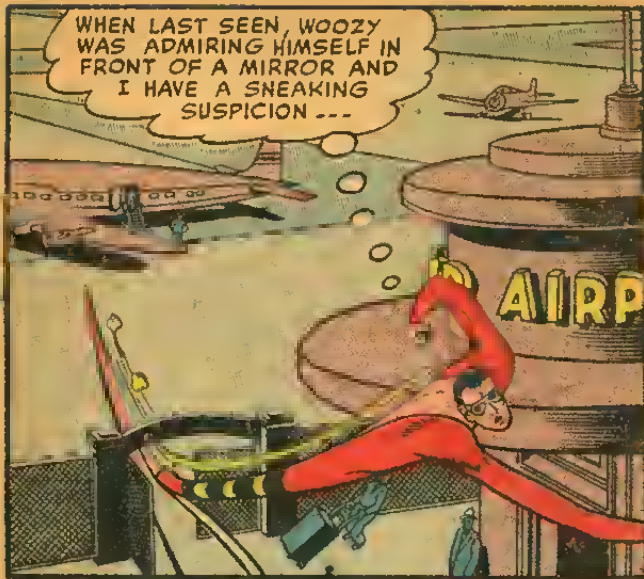
IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF DARKEST AFRICA, PLASTIC MAN AND WOOLZY HEAR THE RHYTHMIC BEATING OF THE NATIVE DRUMS! THEY DO NOT KNOW THE DRUMS SING OUT A SONG OF DEATH FOR THEM! FEARLESSLY THEY FORGE AHEAD THROUGH THE TREACHEROUS JUNGLE ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT THEY ARE THE INTENDED VICTIMS OF---

## THE RITUAL OF RAKA!





# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN



WE'LL HAVE TO  
HITCH A RIDE!

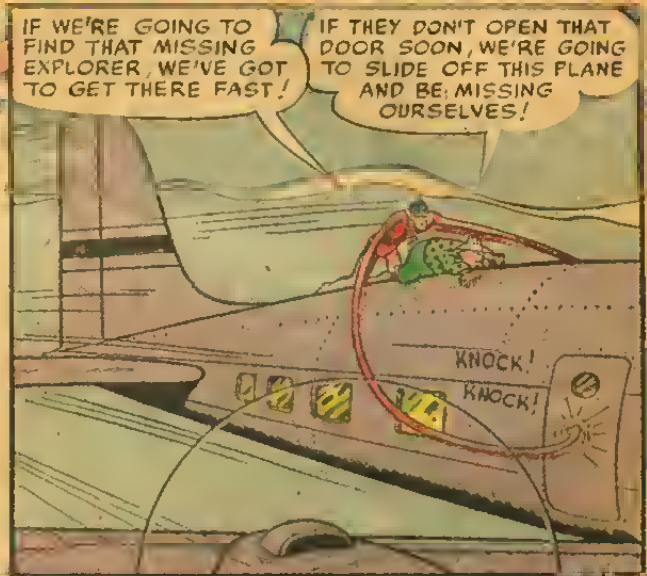


WELL, HOLD  
ONTO YOUR  
HAT! HERE  
WE GO!

IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH  
YOU, I'LL HOLD ON  
TO YOUR ANKLE!



GOLLY, PLAS! DON'T  
YOU THINK MAYBE IT  
WOULD BE EASIER IF  
WE WALKED TO  
AFRICA!



IF WE'RE GOING TO  
FIND THAT MISSING  
EXPLORER, WE'VE GOT  
TO GET THERE FAST!

IF THEY DON'T OPEN THAT  
DOOR SOON, WE'RE GOING  
TO SLIDE OFF THIS PLANE  
AND BE MISSING  
OURSELVES!



PHEW! WHAT A WAY  
TO START AN  
ADVENTURE!  
I'M EXHAUSTED  
ALREADY!



IT'S GOING TO BE ROUGH  
SLEDDING FINDING DR.  
WILKERSON IN THE  
JUNGLE, WOZZY!  
AND YOU CAN'T  
BACK OUT NOW!



WHO ME?  
THERE ISN'T  
A COWARDLY  
BONE IN MY  
WHOLE BODY!

WELL, SAVE YOUR  
BRAVERY UNTIL WE  
GET TO TONGOLA!  
THAT'S WHERE WE  
START LOOKING  
FOR THE MISSING  
DR. WILKERSON!



# PLASTIC MAN

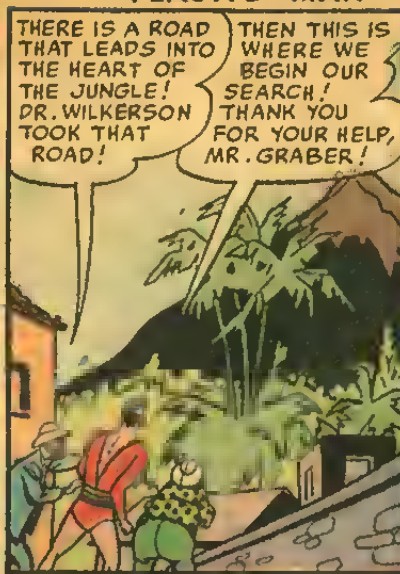




# PLASTIC MAN



YES?  
I AM WILHELM GRABER! I OVER-HEARD YOU MENTION THE NAME OF THE GOOD DR. WILKERSON! I CAN TELL YOU WHERE TO FIND HIM!



THERE IS A ROAD THAT LEADS INTO THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE! DR. WILKERSON TOOK THAT ROAD!

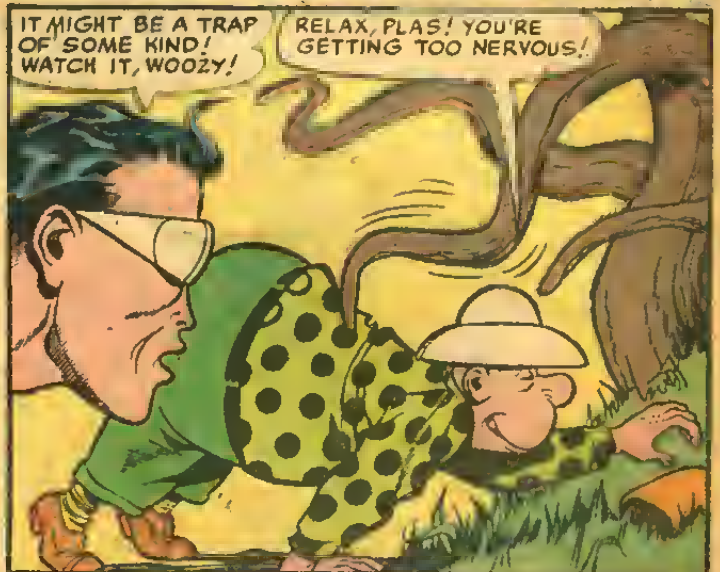
THEN THIS IS WHERE WE BEGIN OUR SEARCH! THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP, MR. GRABER!



HA! HA! YOU WILL NOT THANK ME LONG FOR MY HELPFULNESS!



HEY LOOK, PLAS! THAT CANTEEN COULDN'T HAVE BEEN LOST TOO LONG AGO! IT'S NOT EVEN RUSTY!



IT MIGHT BE A TRAP OF SOME KIND! WATCH IT, WOZZY!

RELAX, PLAS! YOU'RE GETTING TOO NERVOUS!



ALL RIGHT, PLAS! I CAN TAKE THE HINT! LET GO OF ME!

I WISH IT WERE AS SIMPLE AS THAT!



EGULP! HEY, HELP! THIS CRAZY PLANT IS TRYING TO EAT ME LIKE I WAS A STEAK SANDWICH OR SOMETHING!

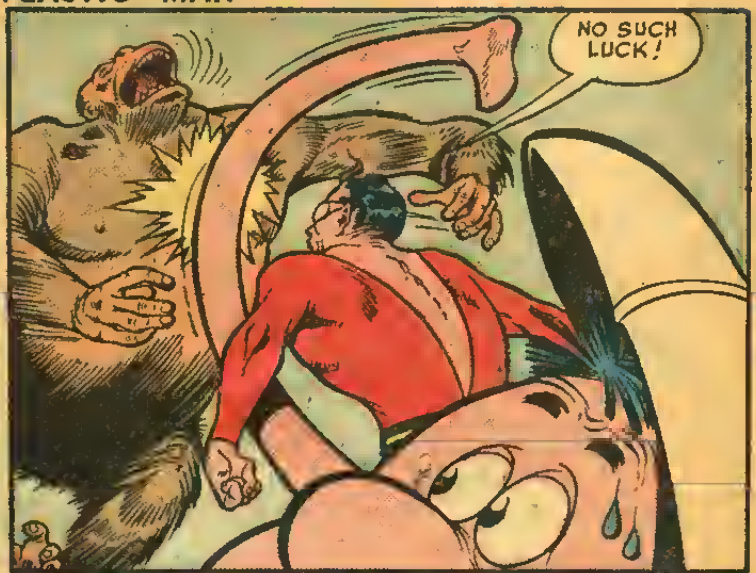


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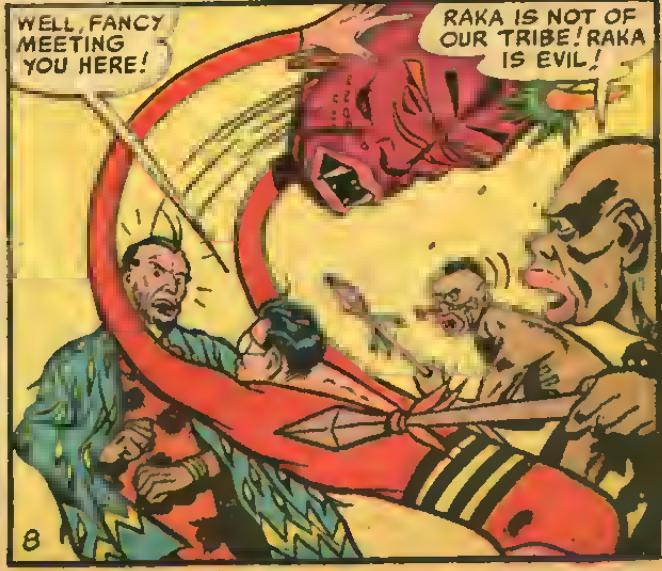


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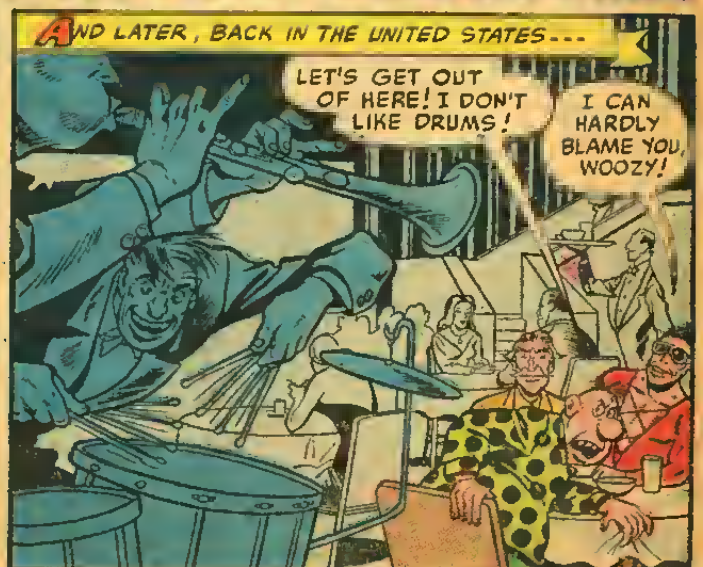
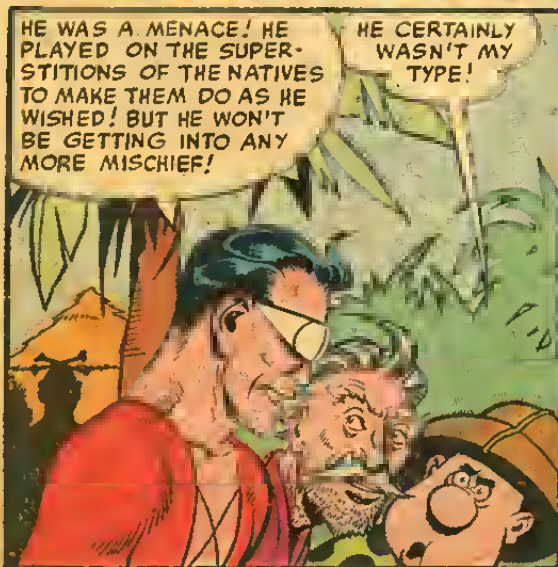
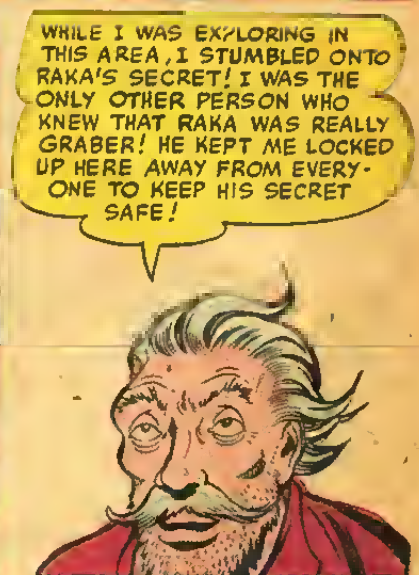


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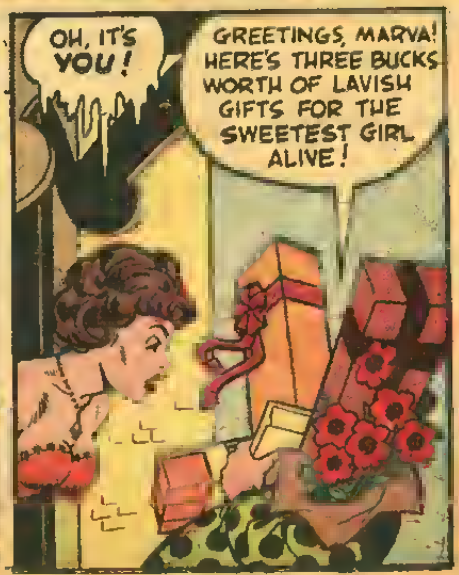




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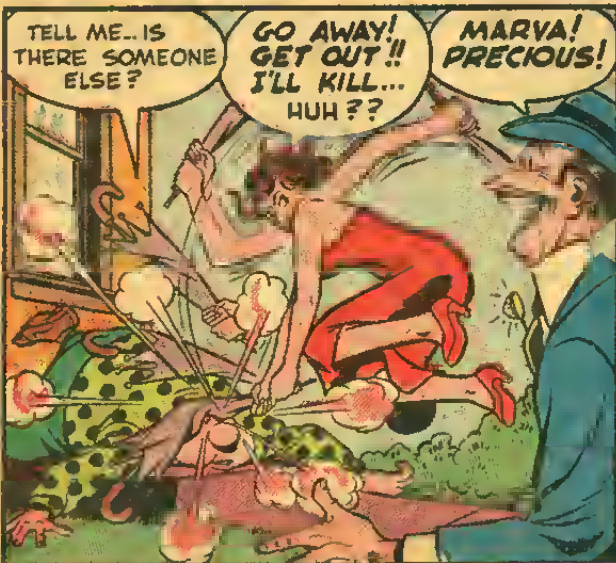
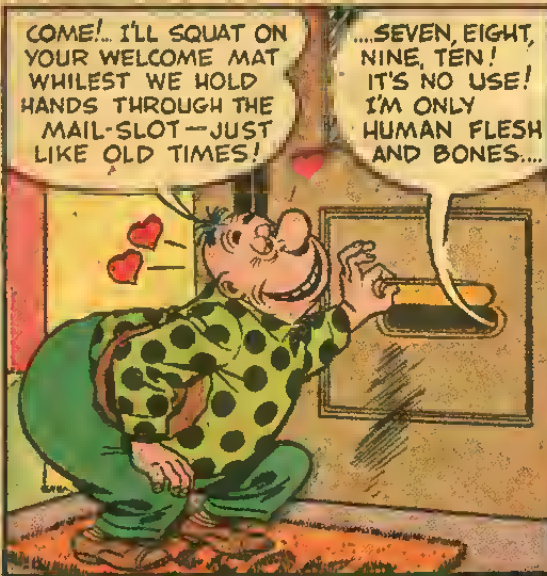
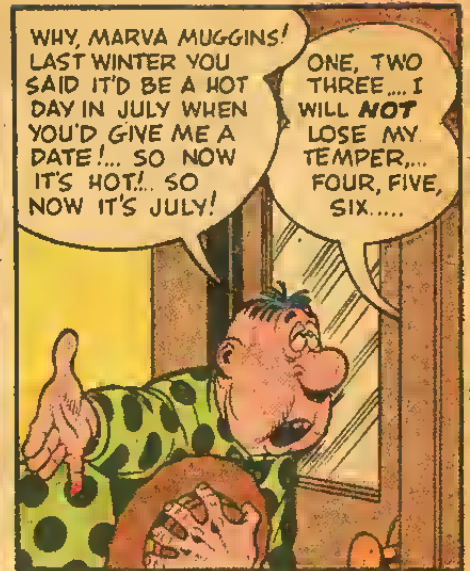






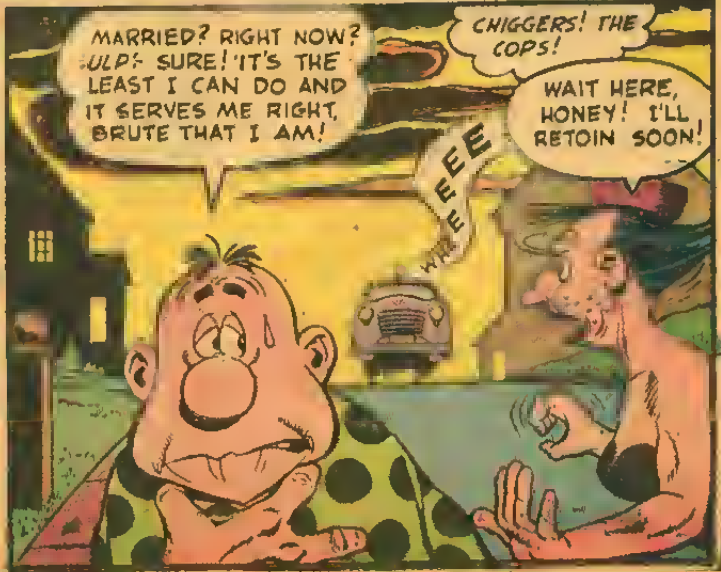
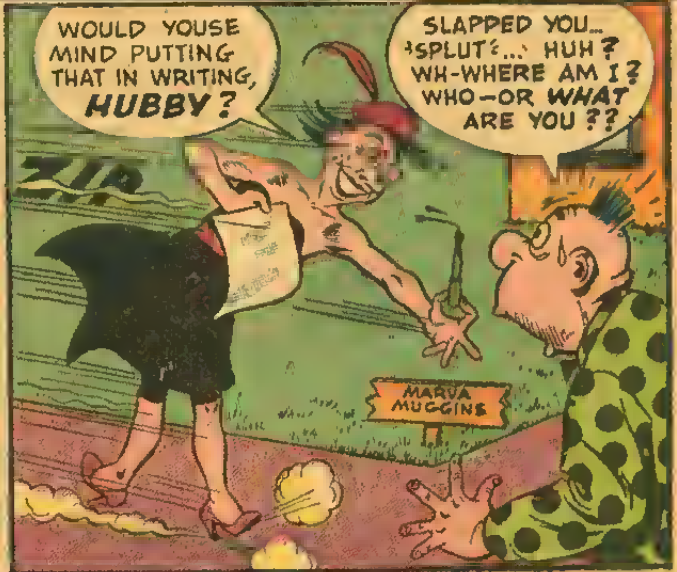
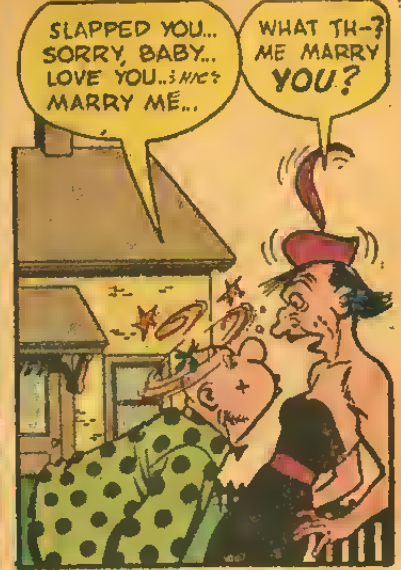
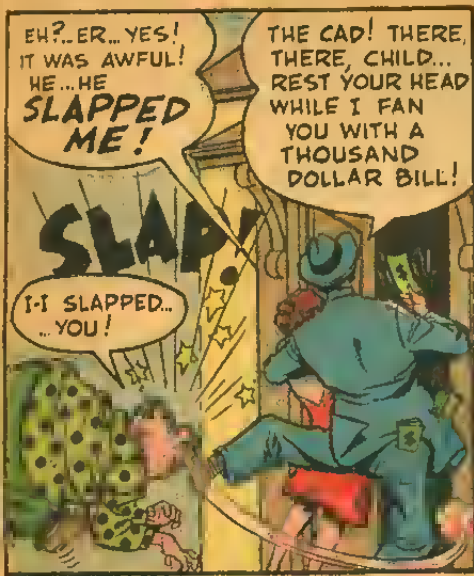


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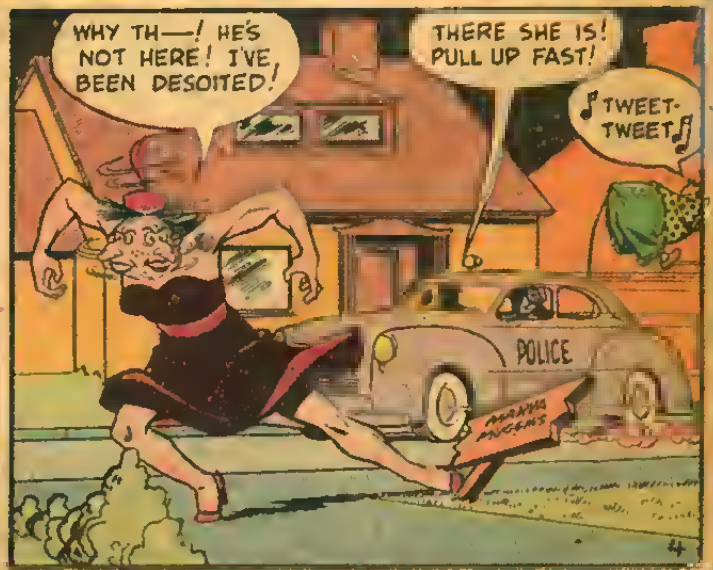
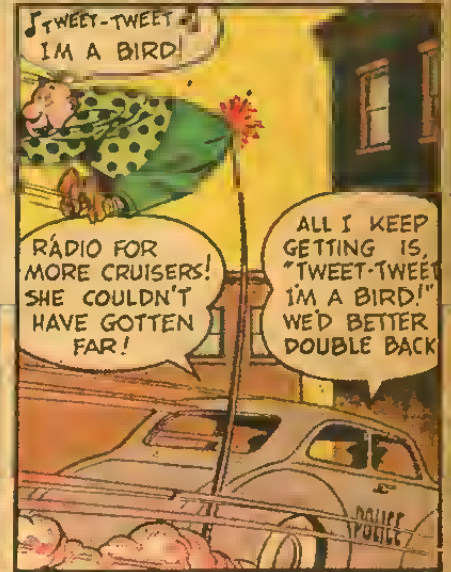
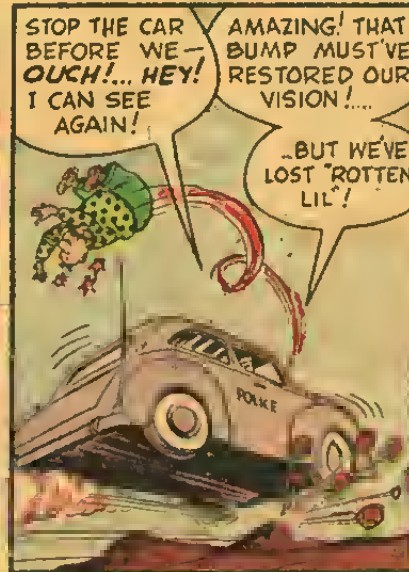
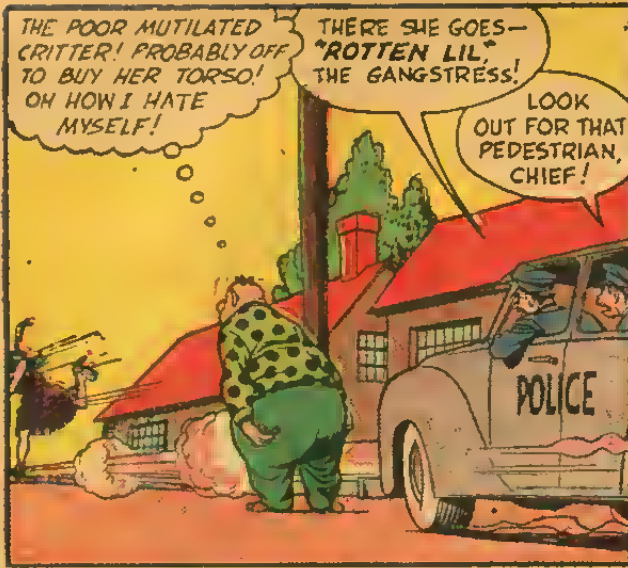


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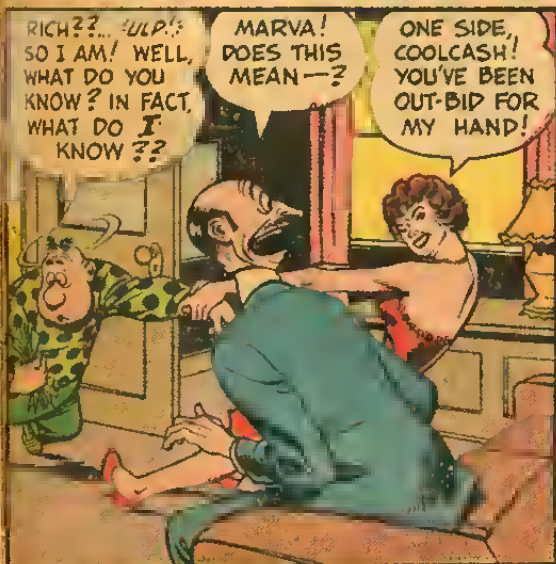
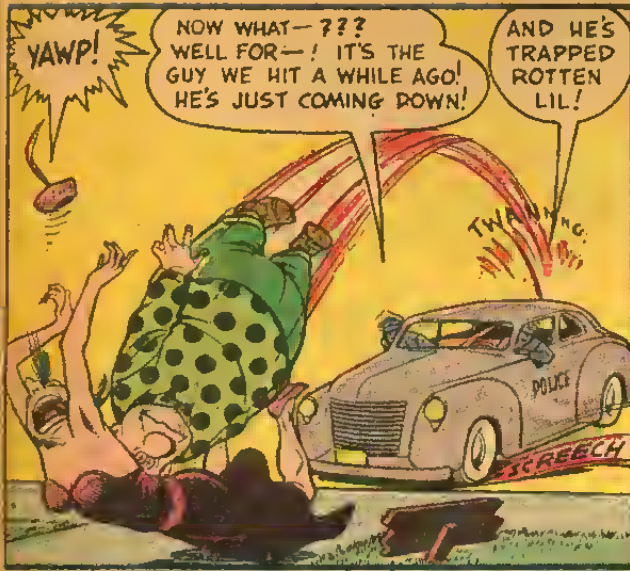


# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN





# DEATH WATCH

CHIEF of Homicide Lannigan summoned a Sergeant from his squad. "Epley," he said, "I have fifteen minutes to tell you a story. This is a life and death matter for me and Professor Ellingham who's locked up in the brig on suspicion. At the end of that time, one of us will be doomed to die!"

"Die?" Epley took a quick glance at the clock. "You? How do you fit into the Carson case? That's what Ellingham's booked for, isn't it?"

"That's why I had you come here," explained Lannigan as he paced the floor, trying to hide his nervousness. "Listen to me and listen carefully! You're the witness and my dictaphone—" and he pointed to the machine, "—my dictaphone will back you up! I've got it going so there'll be a record of everything I say! It's important!"

Epley listened intently. He'd heard the story of the Carson case before. But where Chief Lannigan's life was involved was a mystery! This was the story:

"My dear," said Professor Ellingham, kissing his wife after they'd finished dinner, "Carson and I are going to work on our book tonight. You don't mind, do you?"

"Yes, I mind!" flared his beautiful wife Laura. "Do you think I married you to sit in this house by myself night after night and do nothing? I'm tired of you and of Carson and your book on the life of the savages! I'd like a little attention myself!"

"You'll have that," answered the Professor as he hurried out the door. "You'll have that, too, but this book is important!"

"Important!" shouted Laura after him. "You'd better work hard tonight! You haven't much time!"

Later, Laura went to their studio where they were working. She stood around taunting them for a while and then left. But Professor Ellingham's car was parked out front and she must have planned her drastic move with great care.

The Professor came home at midnight and his wife was presumably asleep. A few minutes later, the phone rang.

"What?" shouted Ellingham. "Carson's dead? Good grief! I'll be right over!"

Professor Ellingham shook his wife. "A terrible tragedy," he told her. "Carson's gone—a heart attack!"

"How nice," she smiled. "Don't blame me if I don't burst into tears. Maybe now you'll forget that book and we can spend some time together."

Chief of Detectives Lannigan was called on the case. The coroner examined Carson's corpse and pronounced it a heart attack without question. Nothing would have tipped the scales to suspicion of murder if Professor Ellingham hadn't come to the Municipal Building the next day and met Chief Lannigan.

"What about Carson?" asked the Professor. "Have they found anything?"

"Nothing abnormal. You can go in and talk to the medical examiner if you want to. I see your wife's with you so I'll talk to her while you're inside."

Mrs. Ellingham was a charming lady to all outward appearances. Chief Lannigan had enjoyed conversing with her on many occasions before. But when he opened the car door with his usual friendly greeting, she fell from the front seat, limp and cold and DEAD!

That started the investigation. Professor Ellingham's partner and wife had both died in a similar, mysterious way. Lannigan was suspicious! It seemed impossible that Ellingham would have driven to the Municipal Building if he had been guilty of his wife's death. Yet, Lannigan went to his house to investigate!

"I know you're a student of savage life," he said. "Could you have used some devious method to rid yourself of your wife and Carson?"

"How can you say that?" wailed Ellingham. "I loved them both!"

Then Lannigan came across a book on a



table titled, "Weapons of Savagery." "How do you explain this?" he barked at the Professor. "Here's a bookmark on a page that explains a poison needle! It tells how the prick of the point, anointed with a secretion from tropical bugs, will kill!"

"And you," Lannigan continued, looking to the left of him where there were cases of insects, "you raise those bugs!"

"Yes, I do," confessed Ellingham. "But I didn't kill Carson! I swear I didn't! I'll tell you the truth!"

Professor Ellingham sobbed out his story—how his wife had hated Carson and been jealous of their work and the fact that she was left alone. For want of something to do, she had studied the natives' bizarre methods of death. She had gone to their studio, taunted them, and then left a poison needle in the seat of the car where she knew Carson would sit when the Professor drove him home.

"S-she told me afterward," wept Ellingham. "S-she told me how she planned and executed Carson's murder! That's why I went to the medical examiner—to be sure there was no incriminating evidence!"

"That's possible," agreed Lannigan. "It's a sound theory as far as it goes. But now explain the death of your wife."

Professor Ellingham was subdued by sorrow. It took time for him to talk and then he explained, "She was killed in the same way. In our panic, we forgot to take the needle from the car seat. She committed the crime on Carson and was murdered by her own weapon!"

Lannigan was almost convinced but, being a thorough investigator, he had to see the evidence. He and Professor Ellingham went to the car to look for the planted needle! They searched a while and finally tore out the upholstery and, sure enough, it was there. But, as Lannigan jerked it out, he stuck it into his finger!

"Good grief," he cried. "I stabbed myself with the poisoned needle! Professor Ellingham, do something! Is there an antidote?"

"You don't need it," replied the Professor without thinking. "The poison's only good for five or six hours. After that, it's harmless."

"How do I know you're telling the truth?" blared Lannigan. "But if you are, you're under arrest for murder! Come with me and I'll ex-

plain it to you later—I hope!"

"But why do you suspect me?" queried the Professor, obviously shaken.

"Because your wife died approximately twelve hours after Carson! If the poison doesn't last, how did it work on her? You must have planted a new needle—nobody else would know the formula. But we'll soon find out!"

"Haven't I had enough grief?" howled Professor Ellingham. "Do I have to suffer for my wife's mistakes?"

"No! Just tell me how long it takes for the poison to work and kill!"

"One hour," shouted Ellingham. "I hope it kills you!"

"No doubt," grinned Lannigan. "That'll save your hide. We'll soon know if you're innocent or guilty and, in the meantime, we'll lock you up on suspicion!"

\* \* \* \*

"That's the story, Epley," Lannigan muttered, glancing uneasily at the clock. "Just a few more minutes before we know!"

"It's a little complicated, Chief. Give me the outcome in a few words."

"Are you a dope? Look, if the needle retains its poisonous effects and, by accident, killed Ellingham's wife, it'll kill me! If it doesn't, the Prof's guilty of murdering her! Only time will tell!"

They watched the clock which seemed to stand still. Each second was like an hour. Tick . . . tick . . . tick! The minute hand crept slowly . . . slowly . . . to the appointed hour! Lannigan and Epley waited . . . waited! Finally Lannigan spoke! "I'm sure Ellingham's right about his wife killing Carson. Just want to get that on the dictaphone before time's up!"

"Good!" whispered Epley in a raspy voice.

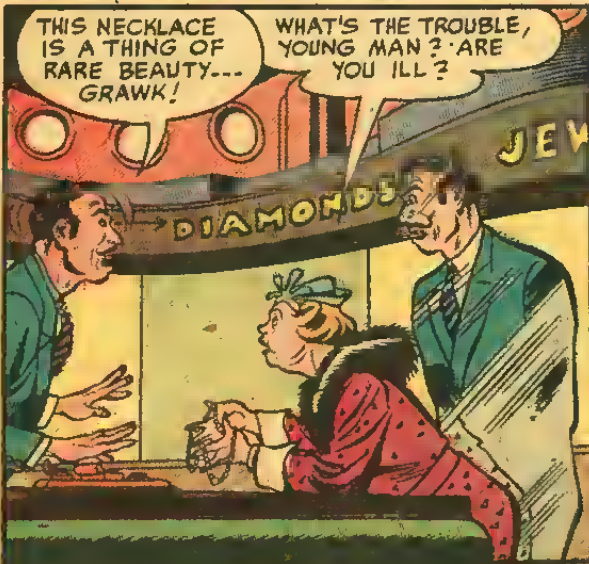
Then the crucial moment was past. The two men looked at each other in silent gratitude. Lannigan turned slowly and switched off the dictaphone and removed the cylinder and put it in his desk. Then the corners of his mouth curled into a wry smile.

"Funny feeling," he said. "To think you've beaten the other guy in a race for survival."

The telephone rang and Lannigan answered. "You say Ellingham's confessed to killing his wife?" he asked. "Not surprising. Ya see, if he wasn't guilty, I'd be dead!"

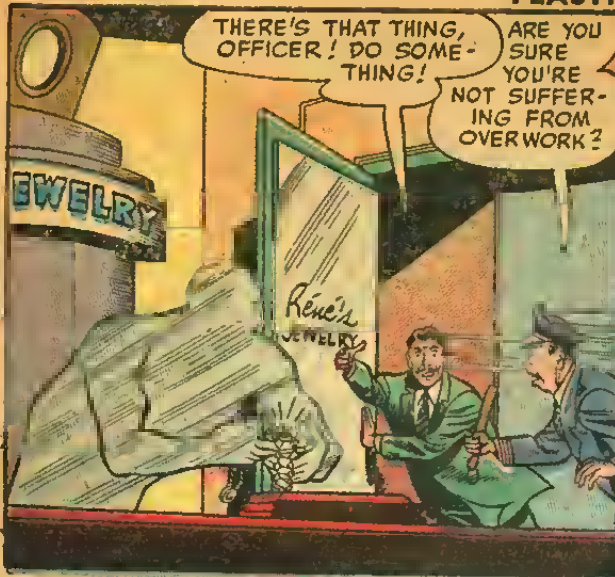


# PLASTIC MAN



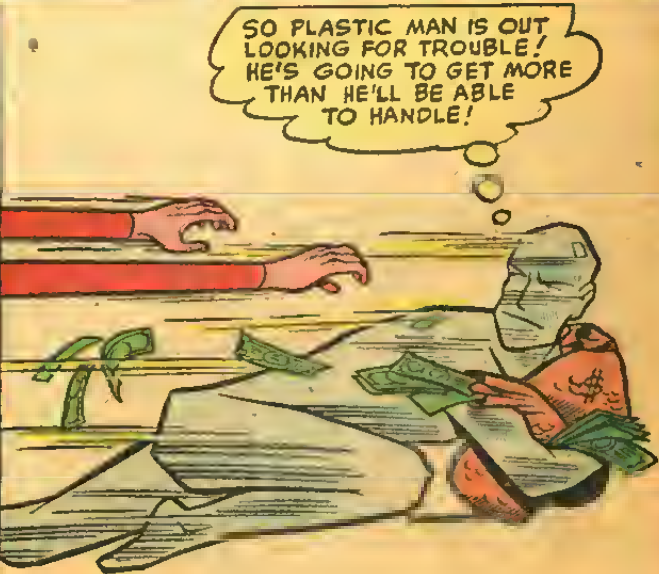
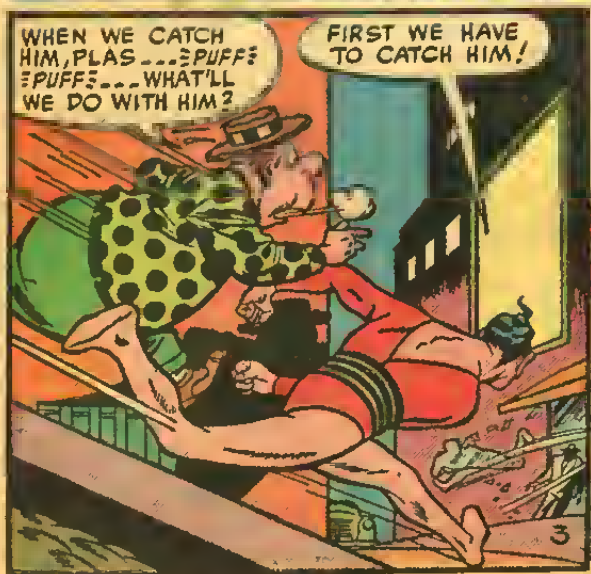
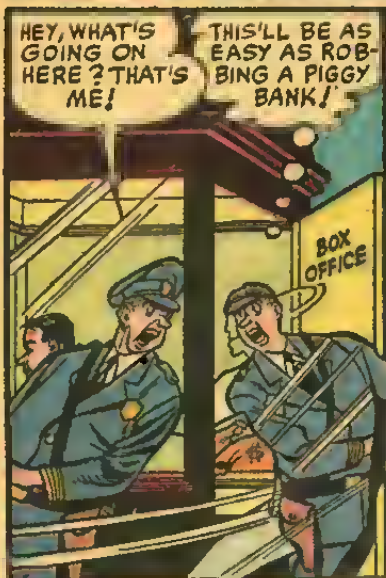
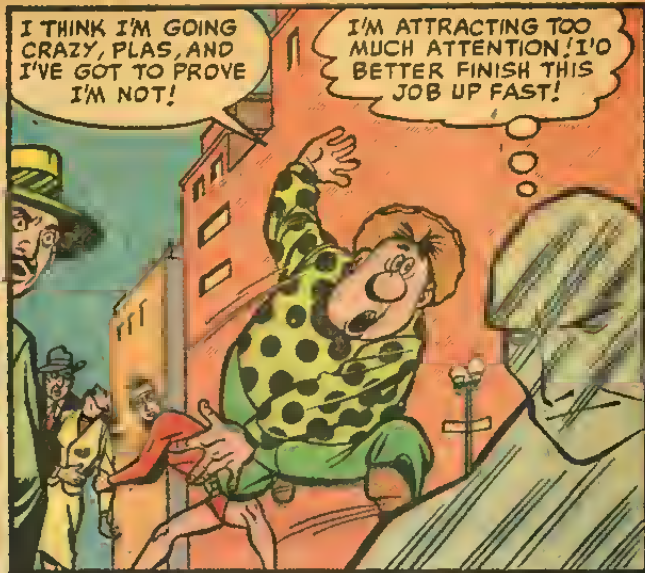


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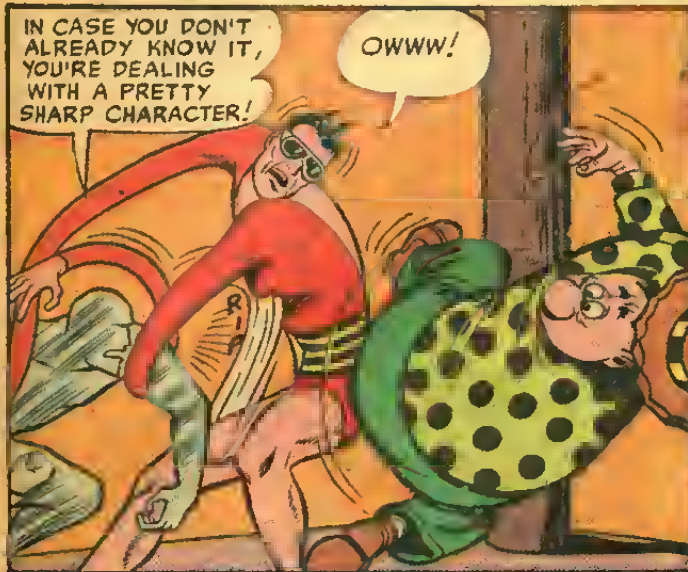
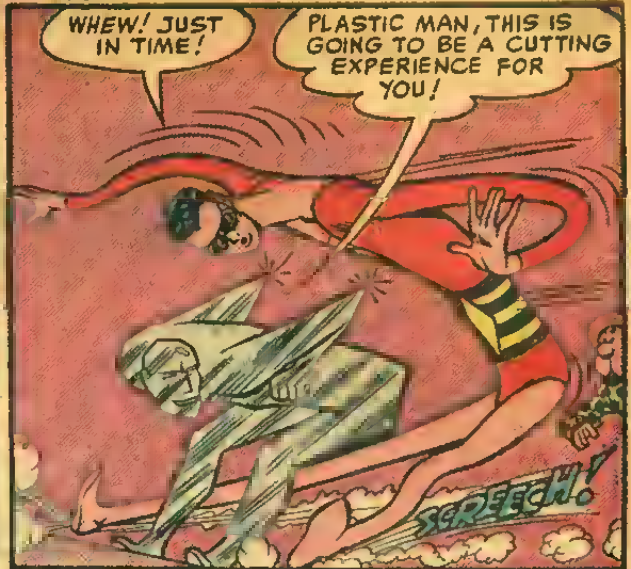
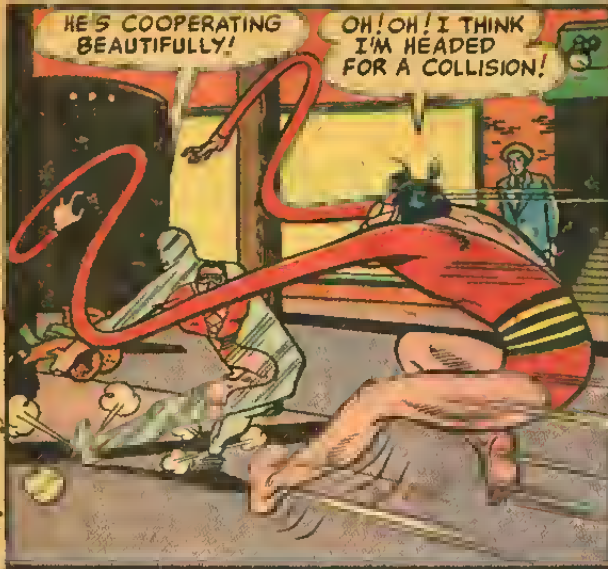


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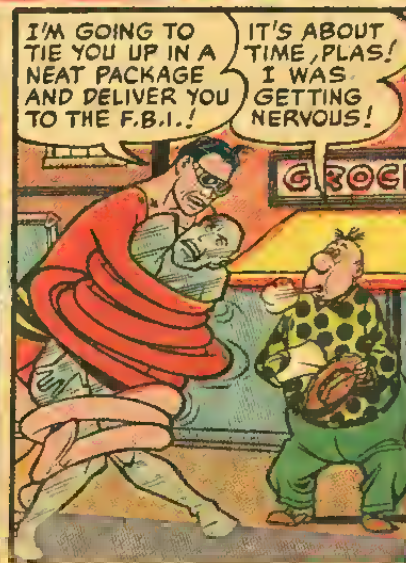
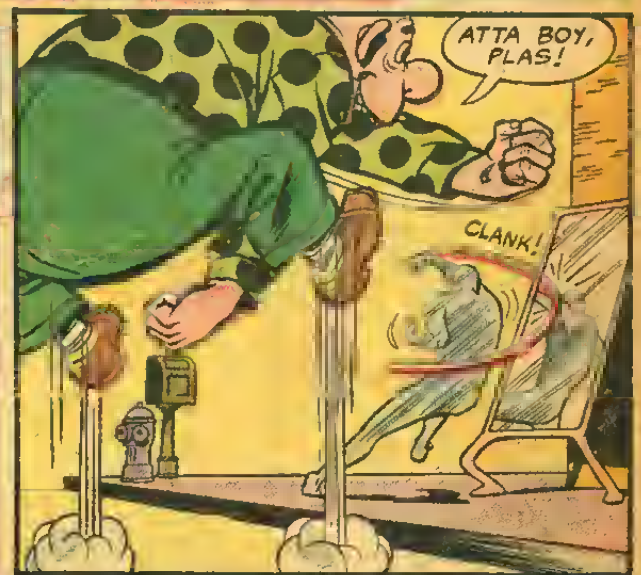
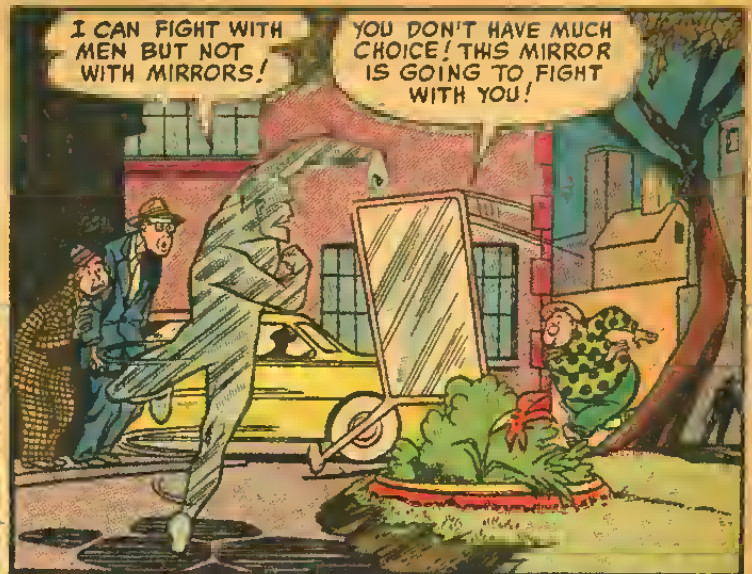


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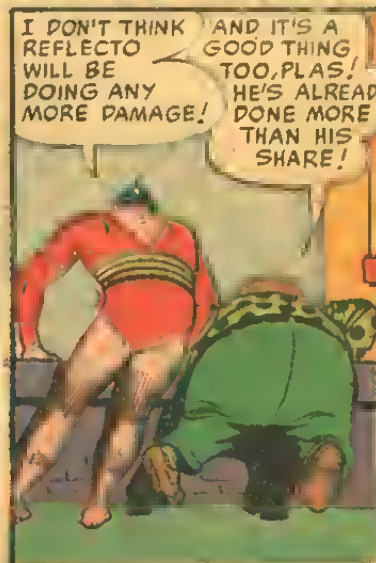
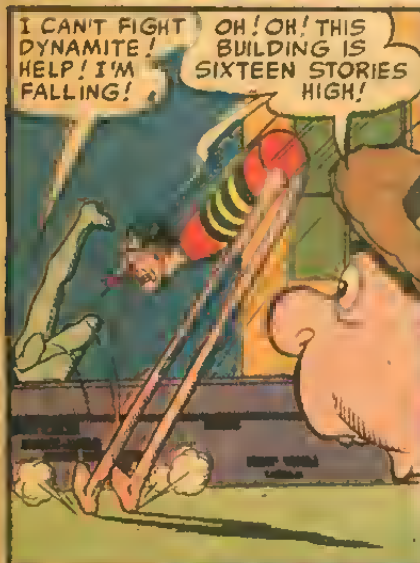
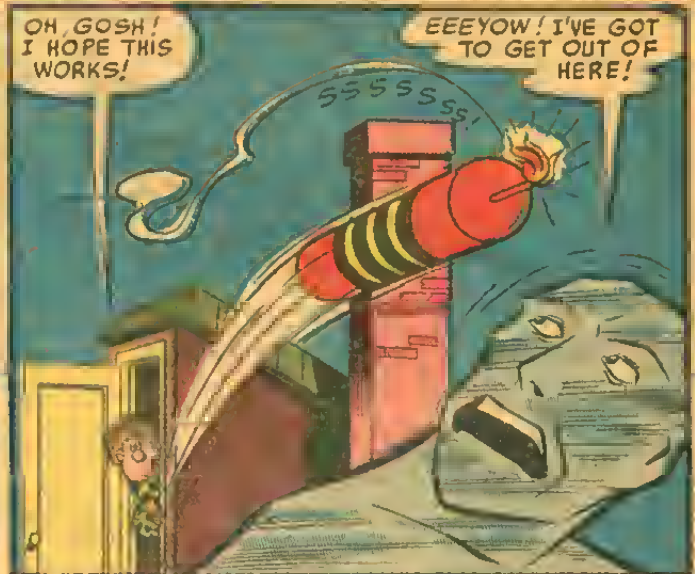


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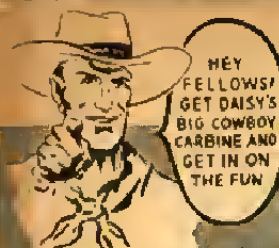
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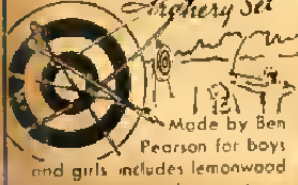
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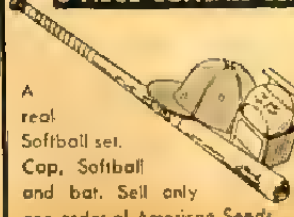
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